

ZION'S HERALD

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Women's Rights in Athens are discoursed on in the last *Atlantic* by Mr. or Miss, or Mrs. B. W. Ball, in a vein somewhat unusual to-day. Athens is glorified at the expense of Judea, of which he or she thus speaks: "But such were peoples who had yet hardly emerged into historic beings, if we except certain barbaric empires, and theocracies, and sacerdocies, in which the development of the reason was utterly suppressed and checked by the dictates of a so-called Divine authority." It is enthusiastic on Athenian culture and politics, quoting as proof a speech of Pericles, which speech it offsets in every particular in the next sentence, by facts which destroy all its value. Tolerant of opinions, it killed Socrates, his friend, and the greatest man of the era, and in every other matter of praise was equally at fault. Paris much more closely resembles Athens than New England. Woman, as he confesses, was never treated as an equal or companion by the Athenians, while the Spartans ever held her in honor. He quotes caricatures of women of Aristophanes, too dirty to be read, to prove that the woman's ballot existed in Athens. As well did the negro minstrel mockeries of America prove that the black man was the equal of the white. They only show how infinite was her degradation. The culture and wit of Athens, its politics even, and statesmanship, were marvelous; but being without moral character and human sentiment, and a true faith, they perished utterly. "Jerusalem, the fanatical," as he calls it, still lives. The "sacerdocies" established by "Divine authority," held woman in high honor, made her not Aspasias, vile if powerful, but Deborahs, Rachels, Marys, full of sweetness and light. The brisk paper would be better if such slants had been blotted out. Its attempt to make New England, which is based on Christianity, the child of Jerusalem, "the fanatical," and a theogony of Divine authority, the offspring of Athenianism, is equally false. Athenian liberty came into healthy being here because of Judean Christianity. Take away this root, and that flower would instantly disappear. Woman has gained all she has gained through Christianity, this flippant blasphemer himself being proof. She will gain all she ought only through Christianity. Every infidel attempt to conquer the position for her will only sink her into lower barbarism even than that of Athens, in which city Demosthenes, her truest statesmen said, as quoted in this very article, we have "heteræ," or female slaves, "for pleasure;" "pallakæ for attendants," being also heteræ, "and wives for children, and the care of households." No such words came from Jewish orators and statesmen. The whole aim of the essay is not so much to uplift woman as to degrade Christianity. When will these follies cease to be washed up from *The Atlantic*?

The Register and *Universalist* open their batteries on Rev. Mr. Collyer, of Roxbury, for some plain truths as to the attempts of heresy to imitate Orthodoxy, and to betray souls to ruin by their counterfeit. Rev. Mr. Patterson, of the Universalist Society in that part of the city, opens his batteries in fiercest fight, at these declarations, and with great profession of Christian charity, proceeds to show how little of it he possesses. The fact is, Mr. Collyer told the truth in the Young Men's Christian Association Convention. He plead earnestly against the belittling of solemn Gospel truth. He demanded the preaching of the whole Gospel, its threatenings, no less than its promises. He declared that such preaching was essential to the salvation of souls. He affirmed that the imitation of truly Christian services, in prayer and conference-meetings, by the non-Evangelical bodies, was a modern institution, devised to keep souls in error; that it did not exist until lately, and would not now, but for the activity of the Church, and the necessity of doing something to counteract its power. All this is true. Error is always the shadow of truth.

Counterfeiters always imitate the current coinage. The solemn institutions of the Church, baptism, and the Lord's Supper, are of late in active use among these organizations. Till lately, many of them had scarcely no Church membership, and even now, neither the Unitarian nor Universalist Year-book gives the members of their churches. Prayer-meetings and conference-meetings are a still more modern institution with them, and can hardly get instituted in many of their churches. In fact, Mr. Patterson's own church first gave its vestry to the use of our church for Sunday evening prayer-meetings, while we were building, as it had no use of it, it self for that purpose. They do not yet exist anywhere, in any of their churches, as a regular Sabbath service. Or if they do, it is a very rare instance. Their activity is just the counterpart of the activity of the church. When she is busiest saving souls, they are busiest seeking to prevent their salvation. In times of epidemics, the quacks are busiest, as well as the good physicians. So was it; so will it be. In Christ's day the devils were wonderfully revealed to every eye. In the day of His power they are always revealed.

Bro. Collyer need not be afraid. He is not. Such stuff is not in his make-up. The Church, the ages, the Saviour, are with him and his words. Let him be faithful, as he has in all his life, in declaring the whole counsel of God, and his work and fame will endure, while those of his name, and not blood, who left this truth for error, and those of all names and bloods who, by pen or voice, as editors or ministers, oppose this truth, will be forgotten, or only remembered to their "shame and everlasting contempt."

The Congregationalist "challenges" us to publish the whole of the article of *The Nation* on the Book Room matters, from which it extracted the last sentence, and so gave it a meaning that the whole article did not bear. This is not our duty, but that of *The Congregationalist*, which picked out the last sentence, and left the body of the article untouched. This last word also had no reference to the action of the Bishops and Book Committee, but only to some possible event which somebody imagined might happen. The action itself was commended, which *The Congregationalist* not only did not do, but attempted to make *The Nation* also not only not do, but do directly the contrary. Such Christianity, as we said, is worse than non-Christianity. The Committee did right; *The Nation* said they did. *The Congregationalist* tried to make *The Nation* say otherwise. Not a word in commendation of the course of the Committee, Christian as it was, has escaped its types. May its Christianity, with which it is well endowed, soon yield this needful fruit. It also complained that we have not proved our charge that it was cold to the Presbyterians. If it will look in its issue of last June, it will find itself saying that it was not wise to endeavor to establish "Presbyterian churches here." If that isn't cold, what is? We are glad to see that it is growing warmer, and have been happy to chronicle its change. May we also soon note a corresponding spring-time in other directions.

Our City Missions are flourishing excellently. Last Monday night a public meeting was held in Bromfield Street Church, at which able addresses were made, and a first-class report read from its indefatigable superintendent, Rev. Jarvis A. Ames. We shall report it more fully next week. Wednesday evening, March 22, a sociable in its interest will be held in Music Hall. A poem will be read by Rev. Mark Trafton, and addresses given by Rev. Drs. Clark and Hare. Everybody who can should be present. Among all our great and pressing claims, none surpasses this. We have published several editorials on this subject from the pen of one of our chief ministers, whose eyes are in the front of his

head. The British Wesleyans note their neglect of London. It is said Methodism cannot hold the cities. This is not true. She has the lead to-day in Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and Chicago. She is not far behind in New York, Brooklyn or Boston. Let her scatter her money freely and wisely, and she will find the city hers as completely as the country. Go to the Music Hall soiree.

The Germans could not resist entering Paris. They marched in last week Wednesday morning, over two roads along the Seine, and down the Champs Elysées, coming together in the Place de la Concorde, the place where much French blood flowed in the guillotine days, and from which looms up, just across its gardens, the palace of the Tuilleries. It is significant of the state of France, that that palace, but yesterday the centre of the government, filled with extravagantly-dressed gentlemen and ladies, called Dukes, Marshals, and such, with immense pomp, and no small power,—that court is gone. Every officer of the State has disappeared; the palace is deserted, the Emperor in captivity. A little summer they floated on the sea of glory, but now the bubble's burst. The German troops tramp through their silent streets, march under the arch of Napoleon, encamp in their finest square, under the eaves of their empty royal palaces. Thus fades all false glory.

The Germans only remained in the city half a week. They vanished Saturday. Napoleon I. held greater state in Berlin for a much longer time.

THE HOLY FAIR.—Strange as are the workings of the age, none is stranger than the causes which created the fair held last week in Music Hall. A few years ago, Dr. Cullis, a devout Episcopalian, seeing the helpless poor people dying slowly of consumption, was moved to prepare them a Home. Without money, or name, he went with his burden to his Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. The faith of Muller inspired him. He went forward, opened rooms in his own house, found friends, and means, enlarged his premises, buying house after house, until almost a whole block was transformed into a Consumptive's Home. Still larger accommodations were needed, and the Grove Hall property, a large estate in Roxbury, was purchased, and the fair just held, was designed to aid in preparing it for a Home. All this has been done without his asking a dollar, or sending a circular. He balances his books every day, asks God to supply all his needs, and finds his cruise never failing. The fair was a great success. Crowds thronged day and evening. Money by the thousands was sent in, in cash; the usual articles were on sale, with some especial rarities. Hon. Peter Harvey acted as head of affairs, and many distinguished ladies and gentlemen were associated with him. No such fair was ever held before. It may be properly termed the Holy Fair, its object was so good, and its origin so lofty. "Have Faith in God" was the proper central motto. Others like devout were scattered along the walls. This history, and that of Muller's, seem strange, and are strange in their peculiar shape, but the idea of them has been acted upon by Christians in all ages. Abraham went forth, not knowing whither he went. Every true minister of Jesus Christ really lives by faith; so does every member likewise. These condensed and illustrious examples of its power are a stimulus to doubting souls. The Home has done great good, and been a blessing to many a poor and dying soul. May its future history be yet more remarkable and glorious. Sixteen thousand dollars was the net result of the fair.

The Pilot demands the name of the Catholic priest that was invited to be present at the Italian Unity Meeting. Would n't it like to know?

Original and Selected Papers.

HOPE ON.

BY ALICE CARY.

[We received several poems from Miss Cary not long before her death. The following is one of them. It has a sad and moan, as if the passing bell tolled its music through her soul.]

The rain must fall, and the wind must blow,
And put out the daisy's tiny spark;
And the rose from her bower of leaves must go,
And keep her house in the dark.

But the rain will cease, and the snow will melt,
And the daisy come to a second birth,
And the sun's bright rays burst into a blaze,
And light with splendor the crystal hearth
Of white little daisy, and brave red rose;
And they, forgetting the rains and the snows,
Shall open their hearts to the sweet warm weather,
And sit at their green doors, neighbors together!

Then, O my soul, though summer be gone,
Take courage, nor bate of thy hope one jot;
Shall the grass, and the flower of the grass live on,
And thou, in thy winter be all forgot?

THE LIVES AND DEATHS OF THE INFIDEL SAINTS.

BY REV. DANIEL DORCHESTER.

[The following timely sermon we give in divisions. All should read it, and we hope *The Index and Golden Age* will republish it.]

"When they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools."—ROM. 1, 21, 22.

These words were written by St. Paul, in his description of the moral condition of the Gentile world. In the 18th verse he speaks of the "wrath of God," as "revealed from heaven against all ungodliness, and the unrighteousness of men who hold the truth in unrighteousness." He declares, as a reason for this, that they knew better, were not ignorant in regard to these things, "Because that which may be known of God is manifest unto them; for God hath showed it unto them." "For the invisible things of Him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made, even His eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse." Then he points out the immediate cause of their deplorable moral condition—"When they knew God, they glorified Him not as God,"—they did not acknowledge and honor Him as God—"neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools."

Thus Paul speaks of the ancient Gentile world, explaining their gross moral darkness and degradation, as a consequence of their turning away from the knowledge of God, as originally given them.

A similar course, in any age, in any similar condition, will always produce similar results; and, if the conditions are intensified, the results will be intensified.

The turning away from their knowledge of God, by any people, or by any individual, will bring moral darkness and degradation. Hence it is, that the course of modern infidelity has ever been marked by mental darkness and absurdity, and by moral deterioration of heart and life.

This deterioration may be sometimes modified by other counteracting conditions, such as refinements of social culture and society, so that it will not exhibit gross forms, in the outer life; but the mental and moral darkness will be no less gross and palpable, and sooner or later, where the natural passions are strong, it will reveal itself in a depravation of life.

The infidelity which abounded in the latter part of the last century, afforded many striking illustrations of these principles, in the lives and deaths of such men as Voltaire, Rousseau, Tom Paine, and many others, who have already passed into history.

The particular form of infidelity which we are now encountering is of recent development, and has not yet produced its ripe fruits. But its indications and tendencies are very clear and decided. The programme is a bold one, and it is pushed by master hands, and its fruits, in moral darkness and deterioration of life and manners, cannot fail to be most destructive and deplorable if its course is not stayed.

Already its foreshadowing influence is seen, in evidences of gross mental darkness and insensibility to moral convictions and obligations exhibited by its leaders. When darkness begins to settle down upon a human soul, no one can foretell the depth of doubt and apostasy that will follow. We have recently seen Emerson, the "sage of New England," groping in darkness on the question of immortality, with only dim, unsatisfactory indications of an hereafter; and Higginson, himself recently a clergyman, and a descendant from a long line of New England clergymen, teaching, under the specious title of "The Religion of the Heart," the doctrine

that men are to follow their natural instincts; and Abbott, a man of intellect, meek and mild of mien, but the most radical of radicals, proclaiming that the existence of a God and an hereafter can be ascertained only by science, and that science has not yet discovered sufficient data to determine either; and Frothingham, the son of a clergyman, and himself a professed religious teacher, a man of remarkable culture and address, but bold, revolutionary, and reckless, glorying in the beliefs and unbeliefs of unbelievers, and unblushingly presenting, as the apostles of Free Religion, some of the worst men that have ever lived.

We have here an illustration of our text, that, "when they know God," they do not accept and "glorify Him as God," but "become vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart is darkened."

I propose to call your attention more particularly

TO MR. FROTHINGHAM'S APOSTLES OF FREE RELIGION.

In a recent lecture in Horticultural Hall, Rev. O. B. Frothingham presented the beliefs and virtues of unbelievers, in which he gave particular prominence to Tom Paine, Voltaire and Rousseau, vindicating and glorifying them with lofty eulogies, declaring that these men "have interpreted the sweet humanity of Jesus," that "they, after all, are the builders of our most splendid beliefs," and "their characters would compare favorably with any of the so-called believers of their age."

But he also says that, "Character is the test of conviction, and these unbelievers must be judged by their acts."

We will accept his criterion, and judge them "by their acts." As we do so, we shall discover the working of the universal law, that they "became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise they became fools." They are fitting illustrations of the tendency of modern Free Religion to folly and ruin.

Mr. Frothingham has mentioned the virtues of these men, and garnished them with his peculiar tact and power. No man can excel him in putting respectable garments upon offensive carcasses, but the disinfectants which he employs in these cases are not sufficiently powerful to neutralize the foul and fetid odors which they exhale.

Let us now look at the facts of their lives. We admit all that can be said of Voltaire's genius, wit, and literary ability; of Rousseau, as a philosopher and a sentimentalist; of Paine, as a self-sacrificing friend of our country during the Revolutionary struggle. Nor will we make any attempt to disparage, in the least degree, any of their good deeds or their talents. But there are other great facts which Mr. Frothingham has entirely overlooked, and which cannot be winked out of sight, nor even omitted, in any proper estimate of these men. They relate chiefly, though not entirely, to the closing portion of their lives.

TOM PAINE

was born in Thetford, England, in 1737. His father was a Quaker, and a stay-maker by trade, which business he also followed for a short time. When twenty-two years old, he preached occasionally as a dissenting minister. Then he was in an excise office; then a teacher in an Academy; then in the excise office again, until he was dismissed, it is said, for defrauding the revenue. Removing to a distant county, he became a grocer, but soon failed. He maltreated his second wife, who was a pious woman, abandoned her, and went to France. He came to the United States in 1774, where he was ardently interested in our Revolutionary struggle. He went to England in 1787, and soon after to France, where his "Age of Reason" was first published, in 1794-5. In 1802 he returned again to America, where he died, June 8, 1809.

The last few years of his life were spent in New York city, or at New Rochelle and Greenwich in the immediate vicinity. Concerning this period, we have two testimonies. The first is from a correspondent of *The Boston Journal*, in 1858. He says:—

"On Mr. Paine's return to America, he was welcomed back with attention. Rooms were taken for him in one of the best hotels in New York. But the zeal of his supporters was somewhat cooled, when it was known that he had eloped from France with another man's wife* and three children, and that they were all with him at the public hotel, at the charge of his friends.

"A gentleman, who called upon him soon after, thus describes the interview: 'We rapped; a small figure came to the door, meanly dressed, with an old outside coat on and no other, — a dirty silk handkerchief hung loosely around his neck, a long beard of a week's growth, a red face, and he more than half drunk. In the room was a small round table; on it stale beef, beer, and brandy; and, at the table, Paine sat down mum-

bling, shaking his head, sipping his beer and brandy, and railing at the Bishop of Landaff.'"

Mr. Frothingham dexterously concedes that Paine "was not a dandy," and that "he drank more brandy than was wise, or would now be deemed dignified." We shall soon see him in conditions both undignified and undandified.

In 1785, the State of New York, in view of some public services, gave to Paine a confiscated estate of three hundred acres, near New Rochelle, to which he removed, taking with him Madame Bonneville and her children.

"Here," says the writer above quoted, "He ran down to the lowest depths of moral degradation. He associated with the lowest of human beings. He herded with the vile and abandoned. He was found almost continually in the tap-room, drinking as long as he could stand, and retailing his 'Age of Reason.' He became poor as well as immoral. As he could not afford brandy, he took to New England rum. The part of New Rochelle, called Bonneville, from his mistress, became the Sodom of the region. The youth had no intellectual or moral training, but grew up ignorant, lax, and immoral."

"He was a sight to behold, a confirmed drunkard, a notorious liar, a profane wretch, so drunk, so profane, so filthy, that no decent person could remain with him; and, as he had abandoned Madame Bonneville with kicks and curses, he had no companion but an old black woman, who was as drunk and as filthy as himself, and the casual visitor would find Paine and the negress dead drunk upon the floor."

"In 1804, he returned to New York city. But he was so filthy that no one would keep him, and, with tears, to an old Welchman, Paine cried out, 'No one will take me in.' This Welchman had compassion on the miserable old man—dragged him out of a low tavern, put him in a tub of hot water, and scraped this prophet of infidelity until the dirt peeled off of him. But Paine soon became too much for the Welchman, and he had to turn him off. He approached the close of his life, one of the dirtiest, most drunken, brutal, profane, indecent, impure, blasphemous mortals that any age endured, — houseless, penniless, friendless."

"Religion at last came to his aid. He was filthy beyond description. His linen became the color of tanned leather, and his den was so awful that none could enter it. Yet a poor, but pious woman, by the name of Hidden, came to his relief, feeling that he was still human, and needed care. But even she could barely live. It was awful to hear his blasphemies, to hear him curse the Lord of Glory, to hear his shrieks when left alone, to see him start up and cry out, 'Who's there?' 'Who's there?' to hear his cry, 'Lord, help me,' mingled with curses on the Son of God. Once he exclaimed, 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?'

"He knew that he must die. He was in great despair about his burial. He knew that he would be refused sepulchre in the burial-ground of the Episcopal and Presbyterian churches, and to them he did not apply. But he did apply to the Friends, for a lot in which his bones could be laid at last. But he was refused by them. A bitter portion this was in his cup. His body was finally deposited in a lonely grave in New Rochelle."

There is another valuable testimony in regard to the character, condition, and death of Tom Paine, which may be found in the recent memoir of a highly respected and much beloved minister among the Friends, Stephen Grillet, (Vol. I., pp. 163-4.) At one time, very near Mr. Paine's death, he lived for a while in the village of Greenwich, where Mr. Grillet then resided. Such an authentic account of Mr. Paine's last days, as follows from the pen of Mr. Grillet, is of great historic value, as well as religious interest.

He says: "A few days previous to my leaving home, on my last religious visit, on hearing that Mr. Paine was ill, and in a very destitute condition, I went to see him, and found him in a wretched state; for he had been so neglected and forsaken by his pretended friends, that the common attentions to a sick man had been withheld from him. The skin of his body was in some places worn off, which greatly increased his sufferings. A nurse was provided for him, and some needful comforts were supplied.

"He was mostly in a state of stupor. But something that had passed between us had made such an impression upon him, that, some days after my departure, he sent for me, and, on being told that I was gone from home, he sent for another Friend. This induced a valuable young Friend (Mary Rascoe), who had resided in my family, and continued at Greenwich during a part of my absence, frequently to go and take him some little refreshment suitable for an invalid, furnished by a neighbor. Once when she was there, three of his destitute associates came to the door, and in a loud, unfeeling manner, said, 'Tom Paine, it is said you are turning

* The wife of a Parisian bookseller.

* Author of "Apology for the Bible," in reply to Paine.

Christian, but we hope you will die as you have lived, and then turned away. On which, turning to Mary Rascoe, he said, 'You see what miserable comforters they are.'

"Once he asked if she had ever read any of his infidel writings; and, on being told that she had read but very little of them, he inquired what she thought of them, adding, 'From such a one as you, I expect a correct answer.' She told him that, when young, his 'Age of Reason' was put into her hands, but that the more she read in it, the more dark and distressed she felt, and she threw the book into the fire. 'I wish all had done as you,' he replied; 'for, if the Devil ever had any agency in any work, he had it in my writing that book.' When going to carry him refreshments, she repeatedly heard him uttering this language, 'O Lord! Lord God!' or, 'Lord Jesus! have mercy upon me!'

"It is well known that, during some weeks of his illness, when a little free from bodily pain, he wrote a great deal; this his nurse told me, and Mary Rascoe repeatedly saw him writing. If his companions in infidelity had found anything to support the idea that he continued, on his death-bed, to espouse their cause, would they not have eagerly published it? But not a word is said; there is a total secrecy as to what has become of these writings."

Within a few years, there has been an attempt to whitewash Mr. Paine, and to ignore the facts of his death. Mr. Frothingham has had the hardihood to declare that, "All the gravest charges against Paine have been utterly disproved, and have fallen to the ground. We have left the memory of a man, full of zeal for God and for humanity."

But the public will not soon discredit the testimony of a man so eminent for purity, for discretion and intelligence, as Stephen Grillet. And the testimony of the correspondent of *The Journal* accords with it, in all the substantial facts, although given in greater detail. And these facts of his character and death have been essentially endorsed by Allen's Biographical Dictionary, *The Encyclopedia Britannica*, a writer in *The North American Review*, for 1845, and many others. Yet, Mr. Frothingham says, "There was a soul of faith in him; and, in these days, he would take rank with our beloved Theodore Parker." Would he disgrace the name of Parker, or would he honor Paine? Verily, unbelief has become a virtue that covers a multitude of sins. It makes strange bed-fellows, because they become "vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart is darkened."

(Concluded next week.)

MAN PROPOSETH, BUT GOD DISPOSETH.

BY C. HENRY ST. JOHN.

How oft upon a Summer's eve,
When all the sky was bright and blue,
And over all the tranquil deep
Not e'en a cloudlet broke the view,—
A misty, moveless speck appeared,
A little plume of silver sheen,
That darker grew and wider spread,
'Till naught but pitchy clouds were seen!
Quick followed then the livid flash—
The hollow thunder, loud and deep—
The drenching deluge, and the gale,
With fearful havoc in its sweep!
The grazing flocks no more were seen;
The warbling minstrels, where were they?
For night, with fury in her mien,
Usurped the precincts of the day.
Thus, in the hour of dreamy joy—
With peace enthroned in tranquil state,
When all betoken lasting ease,
Come on the sudden storms of fate!
Short-sighted mortal, where are then
The dreams that sweetened thy repose?
Thy little mind may boast the plan,
But God it is that doth dispose.

— Christian Era.

MABEL'S WARFARE.

BY HER FRIEND.

X.

"Every real life is a story, were it only told."

Mabel sat quietly at work in her office. Seven years had passed since she entered there. She had been successful in her undertaking, and was now a clerk of great importance; in fact, the confidential clerk of the firm. Her salary had been raised to fifteen hundred dollars. The face, so pale when we last beheld it, is round and rosy now, and cheerful too. Mabel has become a healthy and happy woman. She is still a boarder in the same house where she first entered. She has found some warm and firm friends, and one ardent lover there. The friends she accepts; the lover not, save as a friend. She has no desire to venture again on the uncertain sea of love.

If she can do good, and contribute to the happiness of her own family, and to those whom she meets in her way, her object in life will be attained.

"I wish you loved men better, and yourself best, next to God," said one of her admirers to her. "You ought to marry, Miss Wolsey. It is a positive sin for you to be wasted thus."

"Do you then consider all unmarried women 'wasted?'" asked Mabel, with a quiet smile.

"Woman was made for man." This is by an authority which you deem irrefragable. How dare you resist it?" was the not very direct reply.

"I do not resist it. I assure you, Mr. Holmes, that I do my share of service for man. You say you wish I loved men better. I love them all that I need to for their good and my own. I have an opinion which nothing will ever be able to shake, that it is a most unfortunate thing for a woman to love a man any better than I at this very moment love several. As I am working for them all the time, I do not fear that I am living in disregard of the Lord's intentions."

This was the manner in which Mabel met all advice or teasing in regard to the subject of love and marriage. Her mind was made up. She did not intend to marry. There was already in the world work enough for her, — to that she had devoted herself.

First and last, this resolution caused painful times to various men; but they had no right to blame her. She was always utterly sincere. It was her honest opinion that to live on and deceive man or woman in the matter of love, is a crime not short of murder. Never, by word or look, did she encourage hopes she did not mean to fulfill. Thus, those who chose to love her, or were doomed to it, had only themselves and their fate to blame, and they probably, ere long, recovered. Men, we know, are too strong, too sensible, to suffer long from love, to be controlled by it very much, whether it be fortunate or otherwise. Mabel had not forgotten nor forsaken her father's house, and, as she had proved her interest in its occupants in a very substantial manner, her mother had ceased to say disagreeable things about her having chosen a life elsewhere. Mr. Wolsey was well satisfied, perhaps a little proud, to have his daughter filling with so much credit so responsible a situation.

Kate was away at school, improving rapidly, and fast blooming into a beautiful and talented young lady. Not one member of the family but was reaping, in some way, advantage from Mabel's success.

But the one most indebted to her, most grateful to her, most attached to her, was the wretched cripple, poor, dependent James.

The "travail" of Mabel's soul in relation to him, her fastings, and tears, and prayers, together with her tender, faithful and patient efforts to induce him to be reconciled to God, had been blessed to his conversion, and James was no longer the rough, wild, almost terrific object that he was when we first beheld him.

On first learning that his sister was to leave home, he was deeply distressed. What was to become of him, then? His father and mother hated him, so he thought, and his brothers and sisters, although he had a rude sort of affection for them, and had always fought for them, and sworn at his mother for punishing them, or setting their father on to punish them, were generally much more ready to tease and annoy him than to wait on him. He had, he felt sure, not a friend in the house but Mabel. He decided to say not a word to oppose her departure, which he plainly saw was for her good, but to commit suicide as soon as she was gone. "Thus," thought that amiable youth, "I shall please the old folks, and be no further trouble to anybody."

But Mabel was too true and kind a sister to leave her cripple brother unprotected for. She had a great many darling plans for "poor James," as she always called him in her heart. And before she went from home she had made an agreement with the two eldest children that they were to enter "Jim's employ" on the day of Mabel's departure, and were to look to her for their wages, which were to be fifty cents a week, each, if Jim had no complaints to make of them. Then she wrote a long, loving letter (which she thrust into James' pocket in parting), in which she revealed to him her designs of having an unfinished chamber that faced the sea fitted up for him, and to serve as a sitting-room for her when she was at home. It was to be quite a charming place, with shelves for books and for plants. It was to have nice, pretty furniture, and a large aquarium, and beautiful pictures, and James was to be lord and master there. She drew a pleasant picture of how she should visit him, and bring him new books, and pictures, and fruit, and what good times they should have together, and ended by saying that his poor, broken back was not all evil by a great deal, for that now she should know that she should always find him at home, and glad to welcome her.

Poor James! he shed tears over this dear letter. He could not shock and disappoint that faithful heart, already so full of sorrow, by laying a violent hand upon his own life. He was thankful Mabel had not guessed what he had been brooding over. He was saved. The children served him with zeal. Their mother, alas! could get nothing out of either of them until all Jim's wants had been attended to. In vain did she scold, and box them

about. Fifty cents couldn't be found every week in her service. She was in the minority, and was obliged to submit to be of secondary importance, unless she could compromise with James. This, after a season of storms and tumult, finally resulted favorably for the cripple, for, in order to induce him to yield his claim, madam brought herself to be very complacent towards him. She would attend to his wishes in cooking the things he liked, etc., if he would make Ben or Kate do up her errands in good season. Thus matters became settled to their mutual satisfaction. Meantime, James felt a great interest in his sister's proposed plan for finishing off the south chamber. Father's consent to the measure was easily gained, and, ere many months, the work was accomplished.

Hopeless of ever returning to his former ways and companions, James compelled himself to take an interest in reading and studying. Mabel furnished him with plenty of books, and found a full reward for all her generosity towards him, in his growing attention to them, and in the gradual softening and improvement of his character.

Many hours of quiet and solitude in his chamber looking towards the sea, gave to this wayward young man opportunity for reflection on his former life. His sins began to trouble him. He could not forget them. His distress grew. He would not utter it, even to Mabel. But there lay the Bible she had given him, and the tiny book, "Daily Food," which she had placed in his hand, with the request that he would read each day the daily portion "for his sister's sake." Nobody need to know if he perused these books. He could lock himself into his chamber whenever he liked. He lived quite like an independent gentleman now. He read, and read, and still his trouble grew and grew. He saw clearly enough what he was, and where he was, and the doom that was before him, unless he could find a way of escape. He read, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," and "By me if any man enter in," etc.; but he did not understand. As yet his eyes were holden. Thus, for weeks, he continued in gloom that only Mabel's visits at all lifted. He was cross and profane no more. His mother wondered at him, but, wonderful fact! made no comment. He scarcely ever spoke unless addressed, and remained nearly all the time in his own room. In fact, no other part of the house seemed tolerable to him; and every day the feeling of gratitude to her who had prepared for him such a bright and pleasant abode, grew warmer and warmer.

(To be continued.)

OXEN, NOT SO DULL AFTER ALL. — A lame ox at Gloucester, turned out to grass, broke from his pasture a few days since, and was seen limping toward the blacksmith shop, where he had been often shod. Making his way into the shop, he took his place in the shoeing frame, and held up his crippled foot to the curious smith, who watched his singular movements. As this, though passing strange, was very intelligible to the blacksmith, he immediately examined the foot; and, to his great satisfaction and the joy of the animal, discovered the secret of the lameness, and the significance of the animal's intelligent action. A small stone had crowded under the shoe, and pressed on the foot in a way to produce the lameness. The stone was removed, and the animal was sent away, no doubt rejoicing in his ox heart that there was, at least, one man who could understand the ox language sufficiently well to relieve ox suffering. Philosophers may call this instinct, or what they will. We call it reasoning — good, clear, satisfactory, shrewd, syllogistic reasoning — from cause to effect, from premise to conclusion.

THE EARLIER THE EASIER. — An old man one day took a child on his knee, and talked to him about Jesus, and told him to seek the Saviour now, and pray to Him, and love Him. The child knew that the old man was not himself a Christian, and felt surprised. Then he looked up into the old man's face, and said, "But why don't you seek God?"

The old man was affected by the question, and replied, "Ah, my dear child, I neglected to do so when I was young, and now my heart is so hard that I fear I shall never be able."

Ah, my reader! believe him! "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." It will be more difficult to hear to-morrow. And weeks, and months, and years hence, even could you be sure of them, how high and strong a barrier will gradually be rising between you and Christ! "They that seek Me early shall find Me."

THE BEST OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS, AND MAN'S, TOO.

"Says Katie to her new husband, 'John, What rock does true love build upon?' Quoth John, and grinned from ear to ear, 'The rock of yonder cradle, dear.'"

The last time I saw her I took down her works and alighted on this passage, so full of consonance with the anthems just sung by the choir, and almost like a prophecy of the manner in which she passed away: —

"My soul is full of whispered sorrows,
My blindness is my sight;
The shadows that I feared so long,
Are all alive with light."

— Dr. Deems, at the funeral of Alice Cary.

For the Children.

JACK AND ME.

Here y'are — ? Black your boots, boss.
Do it for jest five cents;
Shine 'em up in a minute,
That is 't nothin' prevents.
Set your foot right on there, sir;
The mornin's kinder cold —
Sorter rough on a feller,
When his coat's a gettin' old.

Well, yes — call it coat, sir,
Though 'tain't much more'n a tear;
Can't get myself another —
Ain't got the stamps to spare.
Make as much as most on 'em —
That's so; but then, yer see,
They've got only one to do for;
There's two on us: Jack and me.

Him? Why — that little feller,
With a double-up sorter back,
Sittin' there on the gratin',
Sunnin' hisself — that's Jack.
Used to be 'round sellin' papers,
The cars there was his lay;
But he got shoved off the platform
Under the wheels one day.

Yes, the conductor did it —
Gave him a reg'lar throw —
He didn't care if he killed him,
Some on 'em is just so.
He's never been all right since, sir,
Sorter quiet and queer —
Him and me go together,
He's what they call cashier —

High old style for a boot-black —
Made all the fellers laugh —
Jack and me had to take it,
But we don't mind no chaff.
Trouble — I guess not much, sir;
Sometimes when his gits slack,
I don't know how I'd stand it,
If 'twasn't for little Jack.

Why, boss, you ought to hear him.
He says we needn't care
How rough luck is down here, sir,
If some day we git up there.
All done now — how's that sir?
Shine like a pair of lamps.
Mornin'! — give it to Jack, sir,
He looks after the stamps.

—N. Y. Evening Mail.

AN HUNDRED-FOLD.

BY MISS ANNA WARNER.

CHAPTER IX.

"But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, some thirty-fold."

The village sewing-society met that afternoon at Mrs. Bingham's, far out of the village as it was. But the day was fine, the roads still smoothly frozen up, and the needle-workers mustered in force. And so it fell out, that when Jimmy Lucas and Molly Limp knocked timidly at Mrs. Bingham's door, that good woman fetched them right into the midst of the conclave, having, as she said afterwards, "a purpose." The sewing had been put by, and the workers had read together their parting chapter, and now were just standing up to sing a hymn.

If you could have seen them look, when Mrs. Bingham came in, pushing before her the two Vinegar Hill waifs, like morsels of humanity wrapped up in rags, to bind soul and body together; so curiously bound, and tied, and pinioned — and, after all — fluttering! The utterly white face of the one child, the small, red hands of the other, all chapped and bleeding with the cold; the strange, unmatched foot-gear, evidently collected, one shoe at a time, from ash-heaps and road-sides, and showing every possible variety of rent and tear. No stockings, no comforters, and, as near as could be, no anything else! The village mothers gazed in extreme dismay; for, do you know, the ragged child that we work for at sewing-society, is not the *real* ragged child of the streets, else would our needles move much faster, and our tongues in quite another direction. The child *we* work for, is going to be so *very* comfortable, that it's hardly possible she can suffer much now. She is going to look so nice in her new cape and apron, that it's hardly worth while to inquire whether she has a frock; or if we are making the frock too, can it be that she has nothing to eat?

There is nothing like seeing the real thing; and all society work would be much improved, if a live model were brought in now and then, as into an artist's studio. You all know how these objects look in the street; but fetch one into a room full of warmth and comfort; put it in a framework of ease, and plenty, and prettiness, — clean floors, soft carpets, fireshine, and the remains of your lunch, — and then see!

There was not a woman in Mrs. Bingham's little room whose heart did not give a sudden bound of pain — and settle down into a restless, steady aching — as the two waifs came in. Mrs. Bingham put the sick child in a rocking-chair by the fire, motioned Jimmy Lucas to a little bench at her side, and then going back to her own place in the astonished circle, she led off the hymn with heart enough for a whole choir: —

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

"It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

"Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

"By Thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

"Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

"Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

"Till then, I would Thy praise proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death."

If the picture needed any last touches, it had them now. The light, and joy, and privilege in which all the singers lived, in which they had been brought up; the rest, and peace, and blessing, that wreathed, — for them, — both this life and that which was to come; they saw it all, with those pinched, weird faces gazing at them out of the darkness. More than one voice failed in the singing, and the last words of the hymn died away in sobs.

To the surprise of everybody, Molly Limp was the first to speak. She had sunk back in her chair in such utter, faint exhaustion, that Mrs. Bingham, watching her, doubted if she was able to notice anything. But Molly had caught the very first words of the hymn; and as it went on, she straightened herself up in the chair, holding fast to the arm, and so turned herself slowly round to face the singers. And after that she never moved. A faint color flitted back and forth over her white cheeks, and her eyes opened wide and full, but she gave no other sign; and so sat till the singing was done. Then, fixing upon the last thing she had wanted to have explained, Molly spoke,

"What's it mean about the music?"

This brought everybody round her at once. One came up to answer, and the others to hear and look on.

"What music, dear?" said Mrs. Bingham, kneeling down by the chair, and taking the child's numb hands in her own.

"The music — 'of Thy name,' said Molly.

"O, that?" said Mrs. Bingham. "Why, if you loved the Lord Jesus, dear, you would know that the mere sound of His name is very sweet, because He loves us, and because we love Him."

"I knows," said the child, quietly. "But I means — what's it — when's it —" and Molly stopped, looking puzzled.

"She means 'bout the 'freshin'," said Jimmy Lucas.

"And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death;"

is that it?" asked Mrs. Bingham.

Molly nodded. Those standing round, just glanced at each other, but hardly a breath was heard.

"Why, my child," said Mrs. Bingham tenderly, "when people are dying, sometimes they feel very weary, and in pain; but then, if they love Jesus, His name sounds in their hearts like sweet music, and gives them rest. Just as you almost forgot how tired you were as soon as we began to sing."

Molly smiled.

"I knows," she said again, leaning her head back.

"Dear heart!" cried Mrs. Peaseley, at this point; "if you don't give that poor little soul somethin' right off, Mrs. Bingham, she'll melt down afore your very eyes."

"Yer see, she didn't get nothin' for breakfast," explained Jimmy Lucas; "'cause old Limp, he took it."

Nothing for breakfast! — and, of course, nothing for dinner, and the sun already dipping towards the west. Such a commotion as followed that announcement! If Mrs. Bingham had not kept sharp track of her common-sense, Molly would have had to eat enough to kill a well child in no time. And, as it was, it was well that Jimmy sat close at hand, with a capacity for much, and pockets for more. Molly was served carefully with what was best for her by her kind hostess, and the child presently revived a little, and tried to get up.

"We's in a hurry," she said; "we's fetched the pail, and it's so fur back! We's go now, Jimmy."

Mrs. Bingham studied the child's face for a minute, kindly keeping her down in the rocking-chair.

"Jimmy, — if that is your name," she said, "I think she'd better stay here to-night, and get rested. Then you can come over again in the morning."

Jimmy's eyes opened wide; but Molly stirred uneasily under the detaining hand.

"I's got to go, please," she said, wistfully. "I ain't rested in the mornin' — never."

"Poor little dear!" said Mrs. Peaseley, wiping her eyes.

"'Tain't so easy, ma'am, when yer's next t' nothin' under yer, and less 'n that atop," said Jimmy Lucas, deprecatingly, as if the ladies might think it was Molly's fault.

"How in the world did she get here, all the way from Vinegar Hill?" said Mrs. Graves, whose close-pressed lips had spoken no word hitherto.

"O, we drew it," said Jimmy Lucas; "way we allers does."

"Drew it?" repeated half the women present.

"Yes'm," said Jimmy Lucas; "that is, we footed it as tight's we could. Only Molly, she had ter stop, — and then the wind were powerful cold. Counts more 'n when you're drivin'."

The women whispered together, and consulted. Jimmy Lucas sat staring at the fire — what a thing such a blaze was; and Molly, after her one faint remonstrance, quite subsided, and spoke no more. Her heavy eyes saw but dimly the figures clustered round her. She heard their voices as in a dream; and when one and all declared she must be taken to bed at once, and that to go out in the cold again, that day, would most certainly kill her, little Molly submitted without a word.

"Molly, is yer goin' ter stay?" whispered Jimmy Lucas, in deep wonder.

"I's so tired, Jimmy," said the child, closing her eyes. "But we's set out," she added dreamily; "and I's fol-lerin', and bime-by we's be there. How long's bime-by, Jimmy?"

Two or three kind ones, bending over Molly, drew back rather hastily at this — Mrs. Graves to hide her thrill of pain, and Mrs. Peaseley to wipe her eyes, and Mrs. Bingham to come round in front of the child, and softly lift her up.

"I don't think it very long now, dear," she said tenderly; "but the Lord knows."

The smile that flitted across Molly's face was utterly sweet and peaceful.

"He knows," she repeated, "he knows; and we's to wait."

Her head drooped upon Mrs. Bingham's shoulder, and she fell fast asleep; and so the good woman carried her into the little bed-room next the parlor, and took off from Molly the rags, and patches, and signs of Vinegar Hill, which she was not to wear any more at all.

"She's a sick child," said Mrs. Peaseley, coming back to the fire, where Jimmy Lucas still sat; "and it's my belief —" but Mrs. Graves touched her arm, and she stopped short.

"Who are you, little boy?" said Mrs. Peaseley, then. "Be you her brother?"

"I's Jimmy Lucas, — and she's Molly Limp," the boy answered. "We's together, mostly."

"Where did she learn?" said Mrs. Graves, in her quick, impulsive way. "She said she knew this, and she said she knew that, — how did she learn?"

"'Bout the King, and sich?" said Jimmy Lucas.

"Yes."

"White lady, up ter the old meetin'-house," said Jimmy Lucas, lucidly. "And now her's gone, we reads."

The two women looked at each other, and Mrs. Graves said,

"Some of Mrs. Kensett's work."

And Mrs. Peaseley nodded her head a good many times.

Jimmy Lucas carried the news back to Vinegar Hill; but except that poor Mrs. Limp felt a dull sort of satisfaction that the child was beyond her father's reach, and that she herself, and the baby, slept under an extra allowance of rags, the thing made little odds.

NOW, GOD TAKE BABY. — Rev. Dr. Cheever relates in *The Independent* this incident: —

At the time when President Olin was seized with that illness which was the precursor of his death, his youngest child, a babe of about two years old, was ill and restless, though the parents did not then apprehend a fatal result. The day of discovered danger, the father was walking in the room where his child lay, when the babe suddenly called, "Papa!" desiring to be lifted in its father's arms. "Pa, take baby!" Dr. Olin took the child, and walked up and down the room. The child said,

"Pa, kiss baby!" "Mamma, kiss baby!" and, when this was done, looked up and exclaimed, "Now, God take baby!" and immediately breathed its last in the father's arms. Was not this a ministration from the invisible world? The believing father received it as such, and was comforted. Children and death are divine teachers. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

Dr. Nehemiah Adams relates that, as he was preaching to his people on one occasion, in the midst of his discourse, as his eye glanced from his manuscript, he saw a very small boy intently gazing upon him. He was so struck by his appearance of interest that he turned for a few moments from his written page, and deliberately and tenderly addressed his little listener. What a Sab-

bath day that was for that boy! How dear his minister became to him! What impression those few sentences made upon his mind! Would God that ministers might often be beguiled in the same manner!—*Congregationalist*.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CHINESE.

It is now about eight months since their arrival in Massachusetts, during which time they have been quietly and steadily progressing in various branches of knowledge. That they are doing well in the shoe business, is affirmed by the parties immediately interested, and who ought to know, though this is still in a good degree matter of experiment.

But in learning to speak, read, and write our language, they have made wonderful progress. Though only enjoying the brief opportunity afforded by one hour's instruction each Sabbath afternoon, such has been their earnestness and industry, that a good number can already read in the English New Testament, donated them by the American Bible Society. Every week some sixty Chinamen, with nearly as many teachers, from the different churches of the town, meet at their Sabbath-school, which is held in the dining-room connected with the manufactory in which they are employed.

These sons of the "flowery kingdom" have, in many ways, shown their appreciation of the kindness of their teachers and friends; but it was reserved for the evening of Feb. 17, to make a united public demonstration of their gratitude.

On that day commenced the festivities of the "Chinese New Year," and which lasted till the Sunday evening following. Some days before each Sabbath-school teacher was invited by a pupil to be present at an entertainment to be given by themselves on their "New Year's Eve," and so overflowing was their liberality that the invitations included the families to whom the teachers belonged. Thus a company of some two or three hundred were gathered, consisting of the clergy, representatives of the press, and many of our leading citizens, besides the teachers and their friends.

Approaching Mr. Sampson's establishment, we found a general explosion of Chinese fire-crackers, and other kinds of pyrotechnics taking place, while from the dining-hall there proceeded the most horrid conglomeration of noises imaginable. This we soon found to be a grand musical (?) effort on the part of their newly-organized band for our special delectation. Fancy the perfect "bedlam" caused by the constant pounding of copper-bottom kegs, mingled with the striking of gongs, rattling of symbols, scraping of a sort of fiddle, and the screeching of a rude species of clarinet—all without the slightest regard to any rule whatever, only to make the most noise possible. And yet our celestial hosts, with beaming and perspiring countenances, belabored their rude instruments with a self-assurance equal to that of Prof. Gilmore, and with the evident impression that they were eclipsing his "Peace Jubilee." It was "fun for them, but death" for their "barbarian" auditors.

In one corner of this room there was erected what seemed to be an altar. A white banner, with various inscriptions in Chinese characters, and with a centre-piece representing three corpulent personages, was suspended from the wall. Beneath the banner was a shelf covered with red cloth, on which a bowl containing burning incense stood for several days. Bowls containing votive offerings of different kinds, were placed here and there in the vicinity of the altar. I questioned some of the "China boys" in regard to these personages, and could only get from them the general answer, that they were "very great men," "like Jesus Christ." My friend "Charlie" Sing, however said they were not like Jesus Christ, but great-men, who came on earth "tousands years ago," and helped the Chinese in their wars. But on this subject they evidently manifested reserve.

Leaving the dining-room, the guests proceeded to a spacious upper room in the manufactory, where tables were set, tastefully and bountifully supplied with all the essentials of a right royal supper, on the "American plan." Our grateful friends had provided for this feast without stint, at a cost, as we have understood, from one in the secret, of not less than three or four hundred dollars. Here all were plentifully served, and everything conducted with the highest decorum, under the able supervision of Mr. George W. Chase, superintendent for Mr. Sampson, and also the earnest and faithful superintendent of the Chinese Sabbath-school, assisted by "Charlie Sing," Ah Loo, Ah Yoke, and others, arrayed in American costumes. Supper ended in due American style. Mr. Chase introduced Rev. Messrs. Sandford, Griffin, and Gladden, who spoke to the Chinamen through "Charlie" Sing, after which Rev. Mr. Jennings and Hon. Judge Robinson addressed the Americans present. Mr. Jennings thought the occasion on which we were met indicated in striking contrast the gratitude and kindly feeling of the so-called "heathen Chinese" as compared with the treatment he had received in San

Francisco, and other parts of our country. Judge Robinson, in his remarks, regarded the present spectacle as a new tribute to New England civilization. As there must always be a first to everything, so New England had been first in many of the most important events in our history. She was first in the war of the Revolution. One of her regiments was the first on the ground in the late war for national preservation, etc., and New England has been first to recognize the personal rights of these sons of the Orient, as she ever has of all others. In this pleasant gathering, said the speaker, we see not the triumph of Chinese civilization over American, but of New England civilization over prejudice—protecting and instructing, and elevating the "stranger within her gates." These invitations are spontaneous tokens of gratitude for kindness and attention shown. . . . As we retired from this strangely interesting gathering, we felt deeply impressed with two things: First, the wonderful progress made by our Chinese friends towards assimilation in language and the forms of outer life; and, secondly, the vastness and difficulties of the work to be accomplished ere they come to the apprehension of true Christian ideas and experience. They so readily accept our teachings, but, alas! seemingly to blend with their own pre-existent notions. But a noble band here are laboring in faith and patience, and hope and love. Perhaps some future time I may report again.

North Adams.

T. A. GRIFFIN.

Our Book Table.

HISTORY.

THE RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM. A Narrative of Exploration and Discovery in the City and the Holy Land, by Capt. Wilson, Capt. Warren, etc. Appletons. 1 vol., 8vo., with maps and illustrations. A woman heads this new crusade, Miss Burdett Coutts. She headed it, too, in the interests of philanthropy. The people of Jerusalem were suffering for water. She sent a commission to search the reasons and the remedies. They were helped by others and the Government, and the result was, if not water for the people of that city, a book for the public, and discoveries for the scholar. It does look as though the explorers had but little regard to the water question, though they did not utterly disregard it, and undoubtedly did much towards giving the city the water it needs. They seized the opportunity to explore the walls, soils, viaducts, cisterns, foundations, everything they could get at. Their especial passion was the walls of the temple area, without the city and within. They dug a well, not for water, but for mining purposes. Descending eighty feet, they work up to the wall of the temple, and find, even at that depth, its foundations. At 73 feet 6 inches, they struck the rock on which the temple was built; "the bottom stone of the Sanctuary," as he calls the whole area, "being let into it." "The Sanctuary wall has thus been bared to a depth of 78 feet 6 inches from the bottom of the lintel of the Prophet's Gate to the rock, and the stones are of one appearance throughout. There are twenty-six courses of drafted stones in all, twenty-two below the lintel, two on a level with it, and two above it." Such was the southwestern corner of this foundation. The southern and southeastern were yet deeper. They dug 125 feet through debris here, and did not touch the rock bottom. The sight of the temple of Herod from the top of this wall, as seen in the valley of Kedron below, with its colonnades of purest marble, must have been grand in the extreme. One of their greatest discoveries was "Wilson's Arch," a massive arch on the west side of the city, with a span of 42 feet, made of huge stones un-mortared. This discovery of solid and shapely walls seventy-five or eighty feet below the surface, precisely like the few courses that yet stand above the surface, reveals the mighty proportions of that citadel city in the days of Solomon and Herod. The viaducts, pools, wells, and cisterns, now in the city, with a very little expense, and proper sanitary regulations, could be made better than those of most cities in the world. It is full of water, though without springs. These investigations were carried on across the Jordan, around Tiberias, about Hebron, and in various other localities. Much of minor importance is proved, if anything in Palestine can be of minor importance; but the question of the site of the Holy Sepulchre, whether it is within or without the Herodian wall, is yet unsettled. The work is amply supplied with maps, diagrams, and illustrations, and is a worthy tribute to the most interesting of studies.

HISTORY OF GOD'S CHURCH, by Enoch Pond, D. D. S. S. Scranton & Co. In these days, when God's Church is, as it has always been, an object of contempt by many, and hatred by more, it is well to refresh our minds with its robust history. Dr. Pond concludes the labors of a well-spent life by this very valuable contribution to the general and religious literature of the age. He traces its history from the Garden of Eden until now; notes its risings and fallings, and risings again; its internal and external wars; its progress in thought, purity, and power; its present grand dominions, and prospective universal sovereignty. We have seen no summary of this greatest of histories at all equal to this. We hope the publishers will sell a hundred thousand copies, and another hundred thousand after that. It is the only history that begins at the beginning; that is at once philosophic and divine; that gives all of men, in all ages. It should be in every library.

D'AUBIGNE'S HISTORY OF THE GREAT REFORMATION, 1 vol., 8vo., with illustrations. Philadelphia: Wm. Flint & Co. Horace King, Thompsonville, Ct. The history of D'Aubigne well follows that of Pond, as it is a department of the history of God's Church. The whole of that voluminous work is put into over a thousand double-columned pages. One gets an idea of its unity and greatness in such a volume. Its vivacity floats it easily. No history is better told than D'Aubigne's. It is full of incident and French briskness. It is full of exciting situa-

tions. Its spirit and faith are excellent. It will be widely read.

When such books as these two go from house to house, as subscription books, they both acknowledge and feed the popular sentiment. They are of the best class, and will strengthen every reader in the truth as it is in Jesus.

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC, by Francis Parkman (Little, Brown & Co.), is a reproduction, in elegant form, of the best history of any one of our Indian wars yet written. The subject is well chosen. After England had driven France from Quebec and Canada, and gained unquestioned control of North America, the Indians saw, instinctively, that their relations to the whites were changed. Hitherto they held the balance of power, and were treated with corresponding care and courtesy. The French were especially kind, their policy being more fraternal than that of the English—which policy has made Canada a happier country for the Aborigines than the United States. But with their overthrow, the Indians had become of no importance to the English, and their extermination would steadily proceed. Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas, was well aware of this. He saw that their only chance to keep on their feet was then. Hence "the Conspiracy," which was not so much a Conspiracy as a League, offensive and defensive, against the whites. It began near Detroit, in 1763, so far already had the English settlements extended. It continued for several years, and was concluded, finally, on the farther frontier of the Mississippi. While this Western war was raging, the Eastern fight of New England with Old England was going on, so that not twenty years after she had got control of the Continent, the whole of it, except the bit conquered from the French, revolted from her, and set up for itself. Mr. Parkman describes the Indians, the West, Braddock's defeat, Wolfe's victory, Wyoming Massacre, and many important and historic events, with great ease and ability. The story is the conclusion of French power in America, and of the Indian power also, both ceasing, after that decade, to noticeably disturb continental events. Pontiac himself was killed by an Illinois Indian near St. Louis, and buried in that city, his wrathful ghost yet possibly disturbing the English-speaking people who tramp over his unknown grave. All lovers of the scholarly and romantic will enjoy this history.

SCIENTIFIC.

LAY SERMONS AND ADDRESSES, by Thomas Henry Huxley. Appletons. Mr. Huxley is the scientific materialist, *par excellence*, and yet denies that he is a materialist at all. He traces all being to a common protoplasm; man, sheep, lobster, and nettle being of one and the same origin and substance. The identity of man and nettle have been noticed before. He could easily have shown that the stinging qualities of each are alike, and that the nettle's sharpness and irritability is the same *genus irritabile* to which poets and philosophers belong, and especially Huxley; and therefore the nettle has soul as much as he, which may be true. The similarity of man and sheep has also been pointed out. He thinks Des Cartes was the greatest and most abused man of his age, and that there are one or two of this age equally great and equally abused, meaning, again, the nettle and Huxley. He is terribly down on the Bible and Christian ministers, both of which are blasphemed in his most elegant terms. They stand in the way of his notions, and hence will have to be blown aside by his wrath. Mr. Huxley has three traits—we were almost saying tricks—of success. He is a very neat writer, a talking speaker, a good scholar. We might add the fourth, and most important, to him, of them all—he is a very bold and defiant proclaimer of his views. His discourses show great learning, but not astonishing learning; that on a "Piece of Chalk" could have been given by almost any professor of natural science. His discussions of Des Cartes and Comte are not very acute, nor much beyond the capacity of any student of these writers. But his style is exceedingly animated. It is more charming, if possible, than Hugh Miller, the prince of scientific writers. It is this that makes his fame. As to his theory of protoplasm, it has been refuted by able scholars than he, is not accepted by any scientific school, is ridiculed in Germany by his fellow infidels, and is totally unequal to the settlement of the great problem why these germ-cells so invariably work out such different creatures as man, lobster, and nettle. He is simply an infidel who uses a little science to assail Christianity. He shows this by calling Hume "the most acute thinker of the eighteenth century," by calling the Bible "old bottles of Judaism," and raving like an elegant madman at "the cosmogony of the semi-barbarous Hebrews," and many such epithets. His efforts to undermine Scripture with false science will fail, and the bright comet will blaze and disappear, leaving the heavens to the Sun of Righteousness, and the stars of Christian faith and scientific truth, now and forever, one and inseparable.

OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS, by Richard A. Proctor. Appletons. This treatise discourses on the plurality, composition, and structure of the sun, planets, and other bodies. It thinks the universe one mass of flying bodies, each particle a comet; that these, attracted to each other, make up the larger bodies; that the meteors and aerolites, and showers of stars are these particles coming together; that the earth was thus built up; and that this is a better theory than the nebula hypothesis, which cannot account for the different size of the planets. The earth must be growing very slowly, if it depends on aerolites for material. It is a learned and ingenious treatise, interesting as a popular contribution to a popular science.

New Publications Received.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.	PUBLISHERS.	FOR SALE BY.
Chips from German Workshop, Muller.	Scribner.	H. A. Young.
History of Greece, Curtius.	"	"
Wonderful Escapes.	"	"
The Two Brothers, Bickersteth.	Carters.	Gould & Lincoln.
Opportunities.	"	"
Rome Religion.	"	"
Emma Parker.	Anson Randolf.	"
Notes on Acts, Barnes.	Harpers.	A. Williams.
Our Girls, Lewis.	"	"
Earle's Denoe.	"	"
Convent Life Unveiled, O'Gorman.	Conn. Pub. Comp.	"
Ladies' Repository.	J. P. Magee.	"
Comstock's Elocution.	Petersons.	"
Religious Magazine.	Bowles.	"
Sunday Echoes.	E. P. Dutton & Co.	"
Ned, Nellie and Annie.	"	"
The Rock of Ages.	"	"

BOSTON, MARCH 9, 1871.

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ANOTHER BALL STARTED.

The Pittsburg Advocate, that organ of conservatism, quietly sitting in the quiet centre of space, has started another ball of reform, which may get up another little flurry, when the poor Book Room ghost is laid. A writer in its columns advocated the election of Bishops for a limited term of years. He puts his heresy into this shape:—

"The inequality grows out of the disparity between the office of an elder and the office of a Bishop. When a man is set apart as an elder in the Church, he subjects himself to laws that will not permit him to remain in any one position more than four years, without a reelection or reappointment; and, as a traveling preacher, he always has to depend on the people to whom he ministers, for support. When a man is elevated to the exalted position of a Bishop's office, he is to continue during his entire life; and instead of receiving his support from the Church direct, his salary is made up out of the profits of the Book Concern.

"Theoretically we teach that the highest office in the Church is the eldership; but in our practice we have made a distinction in favor of the few elders who have been chosen to fill the episcopal office. To destroy this distinction, we advocate the expediency of dividing the Church into episcopal districts, electing our Bishops for a term of years, and making up their support from the people whom they serve.

10 Is the Bishop's office, as now constituted, in harmony with the spirit of the age? Is there any office in our civil government vested with the same power that is given to our Bishops, that the people would, under any circumstances, consent to make a lifetime office? We answer in the negative. Therefore, let us have each successive change until the entire ministry of the Church stand on the same platform."

This argument fell quietly on the public ear, but some late soreness against the very wise action of the Bishops and the Book Committee has blown the coal into something of a flame. Several of the journals that rather boast that they are preëminently official, and that all the rest are "leather and prunella," have caught up the communication, patted it on the head, and tried to make it into a broth of a boy. While these causes for its entertainment may harm it with many minds, the idea itself merits consideration.

One might fancy that this notion originated in that centre of coal, color, and conservatism. If so, it would be less sure of success; for a reform started out of New England is like Theudas and others who profess to be Christs, it comes to naught. So, to encourage the brother in his heretical career, we would inform him that this view was advocated in the HERALD more than a dozen years ago. Dr. George M. Steele, of Lawrence University, then an unknown preacher in a small appointment, published in the HERALD an argument in favor of a limited term Episcopacy. It was responded to affirmatively by another unknown youth, who, unlike him, is still, though no longer a youth, "to fortune and to fame unknown." Three years ago, Dr. Hascall, in one of the ablest articles written on the Lay Representation question, elaborated his idea of a Church system in this same paper. He concluded that there should be three houses, Episcopal, clerical, lay; the latter two the legislative houses, the former the executive; that the last should originate measures, the former have the right of veto, which a two thirds vote of both the other houses should override; and that the Episcopal house should be elected for a term of years. Dr. Frederic Upham, the Nestor of New England Methodism, wrote an able article in defense of the same view, which he has read before several ministerial bodies with manifest approval. Not a few of our leading men openly advocate this change. So *The Pittsburg* correspondent, as usual, follows the New England trail.

The modification proposed by Dr. Hascall has many advantages. It conforms our Church to the general governmental policy of the age. The Church has always thus copied the State, as more properly both Church and State conform to the genius of the hour. The Greek Church was a set of independent patriarchates, as was

the Greek State. The Roman Church is imperial, as was Rome. The English Church is a limited monarchy, with a figure head at Lambeth, as is the English nation, with a figure-head at Windsor. This law would require the Church to be in agreement with the governmental ideas of the age. That idea is best expressed in the American system. All others are struggling after it. The American system is two legislative houses, and an executive whose term is limited, who, according to the Constitution, can be elected as long as he lives, usage only confining it to eight years, and events making it possible to abrogate that usage. As, if the war had continued, and Abraham Lincoln lived, it might have seemed absolutely necessary to put him a third time into the executive chair, to carry out Mr. Seward's idea, if for no other reason, that he must be President till all the land acknowledged him as such.

There are objections to this idea.

The first of them is, the increasing of election excitements. On this point much can and will be said, if the idea makes any headway. Some will say that the excitement will abate if the brethren are elected for a limited time; as it is now very slight over a book agent or a missionary secretary, so will it be then over a Bishop. Others will reply that these other officials have no executive power, while a Bishop, however brief his reign, has jurisdiction over all the work, has the fate of the ministers in his hand, except a few, during a few years of their swiftly fleeing popularity, that English Wesleyans have a hot annual struggle for the chieftainship, that our presidential campaigns are never without violent excitement, although the President holds office only four years, and that every General Conference would then be a scene of greater lobbying and excitement than ever.

Per contra, the limited-termites would say, "We can thus sift out of the Episcopacy incompetent men, and we can make the competent man subservient to our behests. Now, the first may be kept in longer than is valuable, and the last may carry their heads higher than is desirable."

Whereupon the life-termites answers, "We have never yet suffered from the imbecility or arrogance of our brethren. They bear their honors meekly, and only surpass their brethren by being in labors more abundant, no men in the Church being half so much worked as her Bishop. Until we feel an evil, let us not talk of preventing it. More than that, they can say we hold them in check now. Every four years they are subjected to more searching examination than any of their brethren are ever put to; for all their official career is carefully criticized by the ablest Committee of the General Conference, composed of the leaders of the several delegations, those who were elected by the highest vote of their constituents. If they are blamable for haughtiness of carriage, or weakness of conduct, for error here, or offense there, they are censured. The most revered, perhaps, of all our Bishops has been thus censured by name for violation of the discipline in the matter of appointment; and all of them are thus held in with bit and bridle, and urged on the Church track, if need be, with whip and spur.

The limited term advocates say we can thus infuse new life into this department, and give many of our brethren of equal ability with those who are elected, a chance to exercise their functions, while now but a few are thus favored.

The life-termites will plead "that the reverence which gathers around the office is helpful in balancing so great and growing a Church as ours. That age and time increase this reverence; that if we constantly change the occupants, they lose the veneration and potency that gather about them; that ex-Bishops will be so common as to deprive the position of the power necessary to its working, and the general movement of the Church; that though it be not an order, it is an office so near it as to make it of almost equal respect and authority, and it would be as wrong to make an elder or deacon for a term of years as a Bishop."

The limited term reply, "The Bishops now are under the General Conference; that is the sole source of legislation; they are only arbiters, and these can be frequently elected; the common sense of each will keep the wheel balanced, and machinery running; that there are far more men fit for it than can reach it under any other system; and that all revolution is reformation."

Thus, much can be said on both sides. Let it be said, at least some of it. Some things will get advanced by the agitation — the assignment of Episcopal residences, and the quadrennial changes of them, without limiting their jurisdiction, — the collection of their salaries from the people, and not the Book Concern, — the remanding of supernannuated Bishops, if they need help, to the Episcopal district in which they reside, and not their continued maintenance at large salaries, and the treatment of their widows and orphans in like manner. These things will be done, whatever be the result in the larger ques-

tion; and if it wins its way to victory, the revision of the whole Church, after some such fashion as Dr. Hascall advocates, will be inevitable.

OUR CITY MISSIONS.

The plan of this organization is to establish Sunday-schools in neighborhoods where churches are needed, and where there is a reasonable prospect that the school will grow into a self-sustaining church, so that while it shall be constantly starting new missions, the number of missions need not greatly increase. For instance, there is every prospect that the mission at Harrison Square, founded less than a year ago, will take care of itself within a year or two. So, also, will the mission at Washington Village; yet there would have been no organization at either place, but for the Society. It will be but a few years before churches will pay back into the treasury of the Society more money than it will have cost to found them. This is one view of the Society's work. At the same time children are being instructed in its Sunday-schools, and souls are being saved at its services for preaching and prayer. Its visitors going from house to house carry salvation with them, lead many to its humble houses of worship who feel themselves excluded from more pretentious places, and, convincing them that Christianity does after all strengthen the bonds of human sympathy, win for it their regard.

It would not be difficult to prove that every dollar expended in the work of the Society does more, both for the future of Methodism in Boston, and for the present conversion of souls, than any two expended in the regular support of our old churches. There is hardly a Methodist Church in Boston whose regular home expenses do not exceed, and some of them double, the expenses of the City Missionary Society. Is there one of these churches that instructs half as many children, converts half as many souls, or does half as much for the establishment of future churches? We are not familiar enough with the statistics to be sure as to the first two points; but as to the last, there can be no question. Our old churches must indeed be sustained, and they will be; but if we are to do nothing but that, then will our city so outstrip us in its growth, that the coming generation will be ashamed to own us as their fathers.

It is a sure distinction of wisdom from folly that it provides for the future. The legislator who can weigh the causes that bear upon the future glory of the State, as well as provide for its present welfare, is esteemed as the statesman of largest understanding; and to the philanthropist who seeks to smooth the pathway to be trodden by the feet of men unborn, and the Christian who labors to enlarge the spiritual vision of the future, and to present the cross more clearly to its view, are men of highest wisdom; even as He was wisest of all who "bore in His own body on the tree," not the sins of a generation or an age, but the sins of the whole world; who comprehended in His plans, not a single era, but all time, and all eternity. But we, all of us, owe a duty to the future, because we can only pay the future the debt we owe to the past. What do we Methodists here in Boston owe to the Methodism of the past, to Jesse Lee and his successors, and to the humble men and women, who, in plain coats and Quaker bonnets, sung, and exhorted, and prayed and shouted, and above all, lived their pure lives of unspotted testimony before we were born? We owe our pleasant churches, our high place among God's workers, our social religious comforts, and above all, our own good lives, if we live such, and our hope of Heaven. And are we not to pay this debt? Shall we do nothing for others, when others have done so much for us? We can only pay the real donors by perpetuating and increasing their work. When they look down from heaven and behold us, not only reaping the fields which they planted, but tilling them for a more abundant harvest, we add to their reward. Even if this were not so, the debt remains, and we ought to feel that we must pay it some way. We have no right to the gifts of the past only, as we win it by our gifts to the future. The Methodism who can sit down amid the blessings which the Methodism of the past has brought him, content to add nothing to the Methodism of the future, is dwarfed in his manhood, and weakened just where a true man should be strongest in his sense of right. Come, brothers, let us do what we can to plant new churches around us, and enlarge and beautify the garden which our fathers planted, till it become "as the garden of the Lord."

COLLEGES AND CLERGYMEN.

A great hue and cry arises from, not the lowest moral, but lowest religious class of the Satanic press against ministers and churches having anything to do with college education. Yale is governed by a close corporation of Congregational clergymen, as Harvard is by a close corporation of Unitarian laymen. The former is on the lookout for a new Presi-

dent. Hence these Connecticut divines have to "take it." The divines everywhere always have to "take it." They don't know anything, and they ain't fit to govern anybody. A doctor in the *Yale Courant* gives some notes on the "Future of American Colleges," in which he says some true things about the clergy and colleges, which these detractors would do well to consider. He asks if they shall be largely or exclusively controlled by clergymen, and in answering the question considers the fitness of the clergy to do this ruling, as an educated class. He says of the Yale living graduates, one fourth are clergymen, of Amherst a little less than one half; of other colleges except Harvard they will not average less than a third. Concerning graduates from 1820 to 1845 who have achieved "a national reputation outside their profession," there were as many eminent names in the Yale Catalogue, as in all other professions put together; "in Harvard only about half as many, which is entirely due to Harvard's lack of religion, nothing there now encouraging clerical pursuits, but everything discouraging them. We have known students intending on entering Harvard, intending to enter the Congregational and other Methodist pulpits, to turn aside to law. Only one twelfth of her graduates from 1845 to 1861 entered the ministry, and probably half of them are free religious infidels to-day.

He also proves that the ministry of the Congregational, and Presbyterian, and Episcopal churches have a larger number of graduates than the law or medicine. Of 2,015 students of medicine during the past three years, only 251, or 12 per cent. are graduates. Of 878 law students, during the past three years, 268, or thirty-one per cent. are graduates. Of 655 students in theology during the same time, 461, or seventy per cent. are graduates. The Andover, Yale, Princeton, and Union Seminaries average 88 per cent., or, as he puts it, "one out of ten of the physicians of the old school are graduates, two out of ten of the lawyers, and six out of ten of the ministers;" from this he justly concludes the weight of educated brain lies with the clergy, and they, therefore, are by necessity the leading educators. It is equally true of the other churches, Methodist and Baptist, though they have a larger proportion of undergraduates men, the college ministers in their denominations far outnumber proportionally their college-bred doctors and lawyers.

He shows how large is the influence of the clergy of New England on the brain of New England, justifying Holmes's claim to the Brahmin class, which is and has been for two hundred years our chief nobility. He says: "In studying American biography I have been amazed to see how large a place the clerical families of New England especially have filled in the history of the country, and how the number of our distinguished men of letters, artists, politicians, professors, and teachers, physicians, lawyers, prominent men of business, are sons of, or closely related to clergymen. No other profession, and no two other professions in this country have given so many eminent names to our history."

He claims, too, that they are the best read men, outside of their profession as a class. "Works of science find more readers among clergymen than among any other class outside of distinctively scientific men." This is true, also, in respect to literature. He contends, too, that they excel in moral courage, and that "the clergy of America, from whatever point of view they may be estimated, appear eminent above every other profession."

This defense is true. No body of men are so maligned, none as a body so holy, unblamable, scholarly, cultivated, practical. The weight of educated brain makes them masters of education. Every college has them as its Presidents, save one, and that needs them most of all. Even State colleges have to take ministers, Michigan having had two, and just calling the third. They will continue to govern the education of the leaders of the people, despite erratics and errorists. Associated with Christian lawyers, doctors, teachers, and people, they will mould and leaven the thought of the land.

SOUTH AMERICAN CORRESPONDENCE.

BY REV. T. B. WOOD.

ROSARIO DE SANTA FE, Argentine Republic, Nov., 1870.

CLASSES OF PEOPLE.

When a missionary goes among a strange people, he has as much to do to study the people themselves, as to learn their language. Indeed, the language is only one of their peculiarities, with which he must become familiar, before he can approach them successfully with religious teaching. In the streets of this city we meet almost every shade of color belonging to the human race, and see every variety of dress worn in Europe, besides the curious costumes of this country. The attire of the men exhibits more gayety than that of the women, and on public holidays, when both sexes and all ages are arrayed in their most gaudy suits, the streets present an appearance very queer to our eyes. Here goes a

man all in black; there one all in white; yonder another in bright red; while others display strange combinations of colors and styles. That lady is a European, for she wears a bonnet and carries a parasol; but all about may be seen the native women, of all classes, with their heads either entirely bare, or slightly covered with a thin mantle, and holding broad, gay fans in front of their faces, when necessary to shelter their eyes from the intense sunbeams.

From our study, thus far, of their characteristics, we can describe these people but in three classes, namely, the Civilized Natives, the Gauchos, and the Foreigners.

THE BETTER CLASS OF NATIVES.

These are descended from the best of the colonial Spanish families, and have retained the blood, language, and manners of their ancestors with remarkable purity. They are the educated class; and though all their education is superficial, yet some of them show a considerable degree of culture. They generally wear the European dress, and follow the French fashions. But their imitations of European customs have not improved them much. They embody the remnants of the old Spanish civilization, which flourished here for 250 years under the Viceroy, but which has suffered modification, deterioration, and in some places almost annihilation, in the last fifty years of independence, anarchy, and the influx of foreigners. In that time, it is sad to relate, no better civilization has taken its place, so that the condition of even this last class is truly lamentable. They would be the governing class of the country, were it not for the ungovernable state of society, with which these countries are cursed, a state of society so destitute of public and private morality as to afford no foundation for any kind of government but tyranny.

THE GAUCHOS.

These are descendants of the Spanish adventurers, and the Indians. The blood is mixed in various degrees. The combination of these two natures, developed under the vicious political and religious systems in vogue here for three centuries, has produced a class of people having the language and manners of a high civilization, with the instincts and habits of the grossest barbarians; having religious beliefs and rites derived from Christianity, and which are still called Christian, yet which are so combined with heathen superstitions, and the fictions of priestcraft, as to be simply rank idolatry. The highest aspirations of the Gaucho rarely rise above horsemanship. His wealth is indicated by the splendor of his equestrian trappings. Saddles with enormous stirrups of solid silver, and even the stirrups silver-mounted, are often met with; and we have seen bridles, the whole head-gear of which was of wrought silver. The Gaucho dress is a slovenly compromise between the Turkish costume and the Indian semi-nudity. Its most important article is the *belt*, which is sometimes a foot in breadth, is often richly ornamented, or even entirely covered with silver coins, and nearly always carries a huge knife.

FOREIGNERS IN SOUTH AMERICA

form a very numerous and important class. In these parts they are mostly from Italy, France, and Spain, with some from Switzerland, Germany, England, and North America. Of all these the Italians are the most numerous by far, and assimilate easiest with all classes of the natives. The traditional hatred of Spanish tyranny makes everything from old Spain at a discount. But Italy is held in enthusiastic esteem, and the Italians that come here are an energetic and thrifty class, and so are everywhere popular. The French are less numerous, but scarcely less influential, ruling the so-called fashionable circles. The other nationalities named are fewer in numbers, and slower in mixing with the natives, than the Italians, French, and Spaniards. But they surpass all in energy and worldly wisdom. Almost all the enterprises for the real advancement of the country are devised and carried on by brains and capital from England or the United States.

In such a mixture of nationalities the Spanish language maintains its supremacy, just as the English does in the United States. The work of evangelizing these masses must be carried on in that language. It is not long since such a work has been possible. But now that it is possible, and a beginning is being made, it ought to be pushed forward by every available means. Let the Church send prayers to Heaven, and men and means to this neglected field, till a great regeneration of these ends of the earth shall be the result.

THE PATIENCE OF GOD.—Exhausted patience, unreasonable disappointment, and a grieved spirit, have called forth startling declarations from God. After years of unexampled forbearance exercised towards a guilty nation, comes the announcement of a change. "Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone." I am wearied with "seeking fruit," but finding none. I am here to gather the harvest at "the time of figs," but there is "nothing

but leaves," I am disappointed. "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" "A good tree" may be placed here. I have borne with this one's barrenness long enough. Take it away. I have exhausted means, and there is no improvement. Who will say that I am wise in allowing such provoking conduct to be continued? Would any being bear with its rebellious subjects as I have? "I gave her space to repent, and she repented not; why should not 'sentence' be 'executed speedily'?" Why should I continue in existence so many who are abusing or neglecting the privileges of probation? Why are they not "suddenly destroyed, and that without remedy?"

The secret must be known. "A cry" has come into my ear, "Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it;" and I find "My Son, is in my servant's prayer;" I cannot deny myself, for "Jesus forces me to spare." Yea, "my relents are kindled." "Come, let us reason together." "After so long a time, as it is said, To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." For "if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?" "Be not deceived; God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." You will not blame God for allowing the crop to be like the seed sown. "Can a fig-tree, my brethren, bear olive-berries?" or "the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" Then, to have fruit unto "life everlasting" you must "put off the old man, which is corrupt, and put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness." "O let the time past of our life suffice us, in that we have wrought the will of the Gentiles," and let us use our remaining hours of this month in pleading for mercy. You may be nearer the death-hour than you dream. The last manifestations of unrivalled benevolence are being exercised on some. Shall "life is a failure," close your probation utterances? Better have never lived, than die and be damned. You cannot afford to live another moment in sin. "Repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and all will be well for time and eternity.

THE BEST EVIDENCE OF HIS DIVINITY.—A certain back-woods preacher, years ago, was before the Conference Committee, for examination. He was not a book man nor a theologian, in the technical sense of that term; but he knew salvation as God teaches it to believing and loving hearts. "Brother," said one of the gentlemen of the Committee, "will you please name some of the evidences of the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ?" The bush-whacking preacher looked a little vacant. "What makes you think Christ was divine?" again asked the Committee-man. The plain man roused himself. How do I know that He is divine?" said he. "Yes," His eyes at once filled with tears. He started to his feet, and, stretching out his great brawny arms and hands, exclaimed, with a true Methodist hallelujah ring, "Why, bless you," said he, "He's saved my soul!"

Christ was hated without a cause. He told His disciples they would be, and they were. They are to-day. They are called "bigots," "illiberal," "fanatic," "narrow," "dogmatic," every sort of bad name because they cling to the Word and Gospel of God. The Cainites would kill them to-day had they the power. A specimen of this is seen in a note in *The Register*, from J. L. Hatch, the intruder into the Young Men's Christian Association prayer-meetings, with speeches that he has no right to utter. He says, Rev. Mr. Dall, the Unitarian preacher in Calcutta, declares, "Rammohun Roy's followers hated the very name of Christian," because Christians would not allow they were anything but enemies of Christ, for their views on the Bible and Christian truth. So he says: "If Christians stand by their doctrines of Christianity, and deny the name of Christian to those who do not accept the account of the supernatural birth, works, and resurrection of Christ, is it not certain as anything can be that the effect of this treatment will be with many to lead them not only to reject the name Christian, as Abbott and others have already done, but even to hate the name as significant, in fact, of a narrow, uncharitable, and intolerant spirit?" Christians undoubtedly will "stand by the doctrines of Christianity" which he gives, and will as undoubtedly be hated of all men, including free religionists, because of such adhesion. The confession of Mr. Hatch is precisely what all anti-Christians feel, and under provocation will say and do.

The New York Observer administers this hard hit at the Washburn family ancestor, who, it thinks, tampers with the will of Mr. Washburn, in various ways, chiefly is changing his written gifts to the Bible Society, to those they say he intended to give. Other illicit transfers it charges them with, and concludes thus kindly:

"If the good man dies, and having made ample provision for his family, leaves a residuum to the Lord, and

relatives seize upon what was bequeathed to charitable uses, the parties who thus divert it do not rob benevolent institutions only. They rob God. Their deed will never be disturbed by the lawsuit. God does not prosecute his claims in courts of law. He takes care of his own in his own way. And the feet of them who carried out Ananias and Sapphira are still at the door."

The Woman's Journal ought not to spend all its wrath on Rev. R. Laird Collier for telling some hard truths about some women, and their work in connection with the woman's movement. Mrs. Stanton appeared in Chicago, on a Sunday night, we believe, and to three thousand people, preached the abomination of free love. She claimed it as a part of the woman's movement, and evidently considered it the chief part. Her words set on fire the course of nature among the citizens of Chicago, and the readers of journals throughout that country, as they were set on fire of hell. Dr. Collier did right in rebuking the lustful horror. If he did not sufficiently discriminate between the good and evil in the movement, *The Journal* ought to be a little gentle towards him. When Mr. Garrison, and most of his associates abused the Church idea, the Bible, and Orthodoxy a good deal more than they did slavery, the anti-slavery Christians faithfully distinguished between these errors, and the truths they also most heartily proclaimed concerning that sin. Our woman suffragists have a like burden on them. Mrs. Stanton is a leading woman suffragist; so is Mrs. Woodhull, Miss Anthony, and others, who are more devoted to free love than to the Sixteenth Amendment, or their interpretation of the Fourteenth. *The Journal* should recognize this difficulty, and while it legitimately reviews Dr. Collier for any opposition to the woman's ballot, it should none the less condemn the hideous forces that are seeking to cloak themselves under this reform, and not too harshly nor indiscriminately, censure the Chicago minister for lifting his voice passionately against these abominations. *The Northwestern Advocate* rightly discerns the differences, and in condemning Mrs. Stanton's filthy dreamings, wisely declared that our Christian and virtuous wives and daughters who believe in the rightfulness of their voting are not to be classed with these free-lusters. Mrs. Livermore is equally earnest in her detestation of this class. Let her commend Dr. Collier's honesty, and she will thereby the more quickly win him to see the difference between the principles involved in the woman's ballot, and the foul desires with which some of its advocates associate it, and which, if they prevail, will cause its ruin.

DR. WISE'S LECTURE.—Those present at the Wesleyan Association Hall, Monday, the 27th ult., were favored with a spirited and interesting address from Dr. Wise, delivered before the students of the Theological Seminary in behalf of the Tract cause.

He introduced his subject by illustrating the spirit which the minister of Christ should bring to the interpretation of his commission. Mere sense of duty, adhering to the formula of the command, but forgetting its spirit, is a poor interpreter. Love alone can prompt to the truest execution of the Master's charge. The minister who is fully inspired by love will interpret his orders broadly, like Dessaix at Marengo, rather than like Grouchy at Waterloo. He will not be content with the simple proclamation of the truth, but will be on the alert to employ every agency which may render his ministry more effective.

The tract is such an agency. It provides a useful supplement to ordinary ministerial effort. It may be made an effective aid to the pulpit. The impression wrought by a sermon may oftentimes be reinforced by a tract bearing upon the same issues. In seasons when special themes claim a vigorous presentation, through the agency of the tract, they may be brought to a wide-spread and careful attention.

The tract is also an excellent accompaniment to pastoral labor. Suggestions may be given in this form for the correction of evils in households where open reproof would be very injudicious. The hearts of the children may be won by ornamented tracts given to them as mementoes of their pastor's affection.

Objections are sometimes urged against tracts, but without sufficient grounds. It is said that they are usually inferior in style and thought. This is abundantly contradicted by the fact that many of them are extracts from the most eminent authors. The best grade may be had by being applied for.

Dr. Wise considered other objections which he proved equally unfounded, and closed with an earnest recommendation of this branch of Christian enterprise.

The Universalist is a little late. We gave the name of the fourth person to whom "Father Ballou" probably referred last week, and his address, Mr. Williamson, of *The Star of the West*. So all its petty talk, which it probably calls wit, about our not knowing what we were saying, is thrown away. Nor did we, "a

few weeks ago," as it has several times declared, assert that "all Universalist ministers, twenty-five years ago, preached immediate salvation of all men at death. We never said 'all.' If we could be a 'Holy Help' (this new name is given the *HERALD*, and a very good one), to it in its theology, its manners, and its quotations, we should, at least, do something worthy of that goodly name. But we fear its conversion, like that of many other sinners, will be reserved to the next world, and will never happen then. By the way, April draws near, and the Centenary of "Father Ballou," and no reference to it yet in the paper he controlled so long. Is it ashamed of its father, as well as of his teachings?"

The Golden Age enters the lists in the interests of free religion. It is a finely printed journal, with spacious columns, exactly the breadth of *THE HERALD*'s, four to a page, and eight pages in all. Mr. Tilton's golden talent shines in all its pages, a talent that would be more golden if consecrated to the Lord Jesus Christ. He publishes three religious articles, one from himself, one from Mr. Greeley, and one from Oliver Johnson. They are all in opposition to the Christian system, and really in opposition to the Christian idea.

The journal will have an influence in the lines it moves on. It is sad to see once orthodox writers, and active members of Christian churches, turn thus away from the Christian faith. But the *salve et vale* which we sadly utter, is to the dead from the living. In the days of Christ, many that had followed Him went back, and walked no more with Him. In the days of the apostles it was the same, and in all the days since. But then, as now, the true follower clings the closer for others' departure, and in answer to his pathetic appeal, "Will ye also go away," cries out, "Lord, to whom shall we go, Thou hast the words of eternal life." The Church, the Gospel, and our Divine Lord and Saviour will live, and multitudes embrace Him to their everlasting redemption, despite such defections. May *The Golden Age* soon discern these truths and help to make the age truly golden, by bringing every thought into blessed captivity to Jesus Christ.

It is hard to please *The Commonwealth*. The Italian Unity meeting it thinks was neglected by the politicians, because of its "sectarian squint." It didn't agree with "liberalism." Since four out of the five regular speeches were by Unitarians, and five out of the nine who made any remarks, were "liberals," and seven out of the eleven who appeared on the platform, in any manner, were of this school, it is funny that it should be censured for its "sectarian," and anti-liberal character. But as it also calls Speaker Jewell a pope, who had not so much to do with the meeting as Commissioner Slack, it is evident that the Sabbath pill disturbs its system yet, and even makes it out of sorts, generally. Better take some Gospel soothing-syrup.

The New York Times has this good word for extemporaneous preaching. Wonder if *The Congregationalist* will call it "twaddle?"

Whatever conclusion the Presbyterian Clerical Association may arrive at in regard to the relative merits of extemporaneous preaching and the use of manuscript in the pulpit, there can be no doubt as to the preference entertained by the great majority of congregations. There is a life, and consequently an effectiveness, in extemporaneous utterances, which the most careful reading of manuscript cannot realize. Quite as much study of the subject discussed is required for success in one method as for success in the other. Speaking does not imply less thought than reading; on the contrary, good speaking implies a careful elaboration of thought,—the precise forms of expression being alone left to be supplied at the time of delivery. A freedom of style is thus acquired to which few written discourses attain; and the magnetic influence of the eye, which the mere reader always loses, more than compensates for occasional looseness in language. The preacher, too, should be more than an expounder of doctrine; he should be an exhorter, urging holiness of life, and written appeals are by comparison flat and unprofitable.

Two or three slips of the press occur on the two previous pages. In the first column, near the bottom, "last" and "former" should be transposed, "the former should originate," etc.; in the fourth column, near the top, "intending," and "other" should be erased; and at the bottom of the last column, "ancestor" should be omitted.

The good brethren of Houlton were surprised at a sociable given at the residence of B. O. Hathaway, esq., with the gift by this brother of a fine communion service. The pastor, Rev. H. W. Bolton, returned thanks for the present in a felicitous manner.

Rev. E. P. King, pastor of the Washington Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Boston, writes:—"God is with us in power. During the past few weeks, about sixty have been at the altar seeking salvation."

Attention is called to the advertisement of "Pure Communion Wine." It meets with the approbation of some of our most prominent clergymen.

Brown's Troches are as famous as Ayer's pills, and a vast deal pleasanter to the taste, and of a sort to be desired to make one clear of throat, and pleasant of speech. They leave a cool sensation in the throat as if there had passed over it a cool summer breeze laden with a sweet aroma. Speakers will find them one of the best helps to oratory.

PERSONAL.

The following resolutions, prepared by Rev. David Sherman, were passed by the Boston Preachers' Meeting, Monday, Feb. 27:—

Whereas, it has pleased the Great Head of the Church to remove from the midst of us, our highly esteemed brother, Lee Claflin, who died Feb. 23d, 1871, in the 80th year of his age, in the assured hope of a glorious resurrection and of eternal life; therefore,—

Resolved, 1. That in the death of our honored brother, society has lost a valued citizen, of simple habits, of stern New England character, and of incorruptible integrity, combined with tender and generous sympathies; the ministry, a genuine and helpful friend; the Church, a worthy member, who cherished, after the primitive type, a simple and consistent piety, and who took pleasure in bearing burdens for Christ's sake; the poor and the oppressed, one in whom they could confide for aid and guidance; and the cause of Christian education a wise counsellor and large benefactor. The deceased rose by his own exertions. From humble beginnings he came, by industry, care and judicious business transactions, to ample fortune; but in the days of prosperity he did not forget the source of his help, or his obligations to God and his fellow-men. Under the smiles of God he lived not for himself, but turned those streams of wealth with which fortune had favored him, to enrich and beautify the garden of the Lord. The poor rise up to call him blessed. Many pastors laboring in small charges recall the gifts, carefully but generously bestowed, which gave the churches in which they toiled a new lease of life. To all, he becomes a worthy example in consecrating his treasure, as well as himself to the Lord, and especially in the fact that he became his own executor by bestowing so much during his lifetime, and thus enjoying the rare pleasure of witnessing the fruits of his charity.

2. That we hereby proffer to the bereaved family and friends our tenderest sympathies, and desire with them to cherish the memory of his beneficent and Christian life.

3. That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the President and Secretary, be transmitted to the family.

S. F. UPHAM, President,
F. T. GEORGE, Secretary,
Boston Preachers' Meeting.

Dr. Lawrence, who is spoken of very highly as a temperance lecturer, is making the tour of the Cape. He will find abundance of believers in his cause in that cold water region.

Bishop Simpson don't mean to grow old. In an address before the Young Men's Christian Association in New York, he gave his views on the time when folks grow old. He says:—

"As I look round me, I scarcely know where the line is to be drawn that shall separate the young-men from the old. I used to think that men were young at seventeen, or twenty, or possibly twenty-five. When I was a lad, I thought if ever I reached thirty I should be a man of mature years; and should ever I arrive at fifty, I should be an old man. But as I have passed from decade to decade, until I have gone over all these boundary-lines, I feel that I have not got out of the sphere of young men. I find young men older than I am. [Laughter and applause.]"

This reminds us of a story told of Rev. John Allen. After he was past seventy, a ministerial brother just turned fifty came creeping up to him, and said, "Bro. Allen, when did you begin to feel old?" "Never," was the quick and sharp response. "Never! I never yet began to feel old." It is all in the feeling after all.

David Snow, esq., gave a humorous address at the opening of the railroad to Wellfleet, full of reminiscences of his early days there, and of other now famous men, closing with some quaint verses, of which these are a specimen:

A railroad to Wellfleet! farewell to the packet;
Farewell to the stage, with its rattle and racket;
We laugh at the storms, and we sneer at the gale,
As we come all the way to Wellfleet by rail.

But what would the Pilgrims have thought of it?

We are nearer the Hub than ever before,
Though we whirl all around our circular shore.
That curious old puzzle has truth now become,
"The farthest way round is the nearest way home."

But what would the Pilgrims have thought of it?

The "Ladies' Physiological Institute" of this city, who now meet every Thursday afternoon, at Wesleyan Hall, Bromfield Street, were favored on Thursday, the 23d ult., with a very interesting and impressive lecture from R. Hamilton, M. D., of Saratoga Springs. This was the Dr.'s fourth visit with the Institute, and his presence at this time was anticipated with much expectation and pleasure, and all were satisfied with the result.

The Dr.'s subject was "Woman as she was, as she is, and as she should be." He accorded to woman that worth and importance with which he thought she was endowed by the Creator, and very beautifully set forth the high station woman is designed to fill; the position she is now able to occupy, and the future good she may do to the world by a strict adherence to those laws which regulate her being, and preserve unimpaired the mind vouchsafed to her by Him who "created man in his own image," and made woman the crowning work of creation.

The Methodist Church.

MAINE ITEMS.

The Methodist Church in Waterville is prospering finely. Rev. A. S. Ladd last Sabbath baptized three persons, and received to the Church by letter five. The new house of worship recently erected was a timely and noble work. It is a great credit to Methodism in that beautiful village.

The revival in Lubec continues with interest unabated. Rev. Mr. Davis, of the Methodist Church, baptized ten persons, and Rev. Mr. Moses, of the Christian Church, six, last Sabbath. At Lubec Mills, Rev. Mr. Mutch baptized twenty-three.

Revival interest is very general in the rural districts of Lewiston and Auburn, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. Nearly a hundred conversions are reported.

A good revival interest is reported at Boothbay, and in the regions round about that village.

Rev. C. W. Morse, pastor of the Methodist Church in Gardiner is somewhat improved in health, and is laboring with his usual faithfulness and efficiency. A good religious interest prevails throughout the city.

The Methodist Church in Saccarappa held a festival at Warren's Hall, the 16th inst., from which they realized the sum of \$150. The society is prospering—conversions every week.

The Congregationalist Church in this beautiful village contemplate a new house of worship the coming season. They are having prosperity—some conversions.

An extensive revival is in progress in Newcastle and Damariscotta. More than a hundred persons have been converted, and the meetings still continue, with interest unabated. All classes are included in the gracious work.

Gov. Perham is a very industrious, hard-working man. He finds time from his official duties to speak occasionally upon the subject of Temperance. He lectured Tuesday morning, Feb. 14, at West Waterville, for the benefit of the Cold Water Temple. The present Legislature does not seem inclined to meddle with the question of Temperance.

There is a wonderful work of grace now in progress on Peak's Island. Only once before since the settlement of the island has there occurred such a revival. The whole population appears to be moved. The work is spreading to other islands in Casco Bay.

The Portland District Ministerial Association, held at Saco, Feb. 20, was largely attended, and very interesting. Most of the preachers on the district were present. Some, however, were detained at home to take care of the revival interest in their charges. The resident clergymen of Saco and Biddeford were in attendance, and added much to the interest of the occasion. The Association closed with an interesting Temperance meeting.

LAY DELEGATES to the Annual Conference from Portland District are: Alexander Dennett, of Kittery; F. A. Boothby, of Saco; C. Sturdevant, D. M. C. Dunn, Portland; R. G. Harding, Gorham. Reserves: David Sawyer, Fryeburg; E. F. Neally, South Berwick; Henry Nutter, Cape Elizabeth.

EAST MAINE.

MACHIAS.—Rev. S. H. Beale writes: "A gradual, yet good and gracious work of revival is going on in different parts of this charge. We trust that forty or more have started with firm decision to run the race and gain the prize of eternal life. To God be the glory! O may the work spread all over these regions."

A TIMELY HINT.—Hear this voice from East Maine: "The Conference year is rapidly flying from us. The itinerant wheel for East Maine will probably complete another revolution June 5. Then the many ties will be sundered, and new relations formed. Those ministers subject to this change should kindly remember their successors, by seeing that a year's supply of good, hard wood be drawn to the parsonage by the brethren on the different stations and circuits, to be credited on the next year's claim; by having well-dressed gardens made for those who shall follow them; by speaking cheerfully to their people about the change which must take place; thus preparing and making the way as pleasant as possible for the coming minister."

MASSACHUSETTS.

A fine celebration of Washington's birthday was the festival of the Methodist Episcopal Church at East Cambridge. Nearly \$1,000 were raised. We hope the society will soon go forward, and furnish the audience room of their fine church. A good revival is in progress there. Mrs. Van Cott begins her labors in this church next Saturday.

CHURCH STREET CHURCH.—There has been no Sunday night since September without new seekers at the altar. Not fewer than fifty persons have found the Lord. Few ministers have a steadier success on many lines than its popular pastor.

FALL RIVER.—The Church of which Rev. A. A. Wright is pastor, is having a glorious revival. Meetings have been held every night since January 1.

LYNN.—St. Paul's Church, Lynn, after undergoing considerable changes and repairs, was reopened on Wednesday evening, Feb. 22, with highly interesting services, which were participated in by Revs. J. M. Manning, J. B. Smith, and Ira J. Bidwell, the latter preaching a most admirable and impressive dedicatory sermon, from Psalms cxxxiii. 2. At the conclusion of the exercises, some twenty-five hundred dollars was raised, which more than defrayed the expenses incurred. Next week we shall give a description of this fine church; it came too late for the present issue.

LAWRENCE.—Garden Street Church, Rev. Truman Carter, pastor, is enjoying the benefits of the tidal wave sweeping over the land. For some time the congregation has been steadily increasing. The prayer-room is crowded, the people are inquiring, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" On the 19th, the Mt. Bellingham praying-band took charge of the prayer-meeting; thirty-three came to the altar requesting the prayers of God's people. A number during the past week have been enabled to read their "title clear to mansions in the skies."

As God has been baptizing the Church with power, He has blessed its members with the missionary spirit. The brethren are seriously considering the question of opening their house free to the Lord's poor. May the great Head of the Church hasten the day when Methodist houses shall be as free as the Gospel preached in them.

LUNENBURG.—A great and glorious work has been going on in this place since the week of prayer. Never in the history of the town has there been such union between pastors as now exists between those of the two churches, Congregationalist and Methodist, one result of which is seen in a blessed revival, which is bringing scores of souls to Christ. Two evenings this week, Feb. 21 and 22, Rev. Bro. Peterson came up with the Loominster praying-band, composed largely of young men brought out in a recent revival in that place, whose hearts truly have been set on fire for God, and they brought live coals with them which have kindled us up anew.

More than sixty different persons have sought our prayers, most of whom are rejoicing in God. No union meetings are held, but a cordial running together when separate gatherings permit.

Backsliders are being reclaimed, and among the converts in both societies are those who have lived exemplary lives, but now see their need of an interest in the blood that saves, as well as in the works that recommend.

NORTH ADAMS.—Rev. Mr. Griffin writes: "We are enjoying a gracious revival. About sixty have experienced religion, and the work is going on."

VERMONT.

WINDSOR.—This is among the oldest and largest villages in the State. It is now about three years since the Methodist Episcopal Church was organized here, and regular preaching sustained. The Society occupies the Unitarian house of worship. By conversion and by letter, additions have been made. Social meetings are well attended, an interesting Sabbath-school sustained, and the prospect is favorable for a permanent and prosperous Church.

CONNECTICUT.

SOUTH MANCHESTER.—Rev. A. W. Kingsley, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in South Manchester, recently received a pleasing and profitable donation visit, resulting in gifts to the amount of some \$125. Bro. Kingsley is highly beloved and respected, not only by the Church, but by the whole community. He is a young man, this being his first appointment, which he has filled for nearly the term of three years with marked ability.

HAZARDVILLE.—The friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hazardville, Ct., Rev. J. Mather, pastor, are expecting to erect a more commodious house of worship the coming season; \$10,000 have been already secured; \$3,000 have been generously donated by the Hazardville Powder Company, and the community has responded nobly to the call. There is a good spirit in the Church. Some have been converted, and others are seeking the Saviour. We have one of the best Sabbath-schools on the District (Norwich), and one peculiarity about it is the males outnumber the females. This is accounted for by the fact that the middle-aged men are in the Bible-classes.

NORTH GROSVENORDALE.—Rev. A. A. Presbrey

writes: "The Lord has been with us in this charge during the entire Conference year. So we have had frequent conversions. Over forty have professed conversion during the year, and they are doing well. Within a few weeks ten young men have found Christ, and the old veterans are rejoicing. Bro. J. W. Mudge spent two weeks with us, and rendered good service. We have recently organized a personal effort band, and the interest is on the increase in the entire charge."

NEW YORK.

PLATTSBURGH.—Rev. E. R. Bailey writes: "During the last session of the Troy Conference, I received an invitation by telegraph, from Bishop Ames, to accept a transfer from Maine Conference to this place. Having had quite a predilection for Troy Conference, I received it as a providential call,—we always are very ready to recognize Providence in what we like,—and have had no reason to regret my choice. A pleasant place, a pleasant people, a wealthy and influential church, plenty of agreeable work, all combine to make my tarrying at the old battle-ground of the Republic one of the most agreeable. The men are worked here. The 'circuit system' abounds in this northern region. Not a few of the preachers have three appointments on the Sabbath,—some of them even four,—a state of things with which I have never before been familiar. I have but one place to preach, but work enough of all kinds. An article each week for the papers published here, lectures,—especially on temperance, coming from the 'Maine Law' State,—in the towns around (and temperance labor is much needed here); together with my regular work, altogether gives enough to do to make life pass most delightfully. God's blessing with the *live* old HERALD, which we love as of old."

WISCONSIN.

LONG PRAIRIE.—Rev. A. H. Read, who sometime since left the Maine Conference for the more salubrious air of Minnesota, writes:—"This clear and dry air has had an effect upon my heretofore weak lungs which I could have scarcely hoped for. For a year before I came here, I was suffering with a lung and liver difficulty, and could not attend at all to the work assigned me by Conference. I chanced to see an article in the dear old HERALD which has been a constant visitor to my home for years, from a brother preacher in California, who went from the East an invalid, but who had regained his health by that salubrious climate. I had intended to go there, but by the advice of dear Bro. K., of the Maine Conference, and his assurance that Minnesota was fully equal to California for lung difficulty, I came here a little over two years ago. In three months I was able to work with my hands, and now, thanks be to God, I am able to work in His vineyard, and we are assured of the presence of God in this new and wicked community by the outpouring of the Spirit upon the few faithful ones, and the many who are in sin. This (Todd) county has not known such a stirring up by the power of God. Already sixteen have been forward to the anxious seats, and some are among the leading men of the community, confessing themselves to be the greatest of sinners or persecutors of their Christian companions. Men of gray hairs and hoary heads are trembling under the power of God, almost ready to yield and cast their burden on the Lord. The whole community seems pervaded with the power of the Holy Ghost."

Rev. H. L. White, Presiding Elder of Fond du Lac District, writes these pleasant words from his district: "Dr. Coggeshall is doing a good work for God and the Church. His lady has been a most efficient member of the Methodist Church for years, and several through her good influence have been converted to God in the female department of the State Prison, of which she was chaplain."

"Sister Van Cott has made hosts of friends here, and done a noble work by the help of God. The HERALD is glorious."

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Your correspondent has attended to the duty and privilege assigned him by Conference, of visiting our Church College, the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., and would present to its numerous friends the following report:—

As a school, its condition is excellent. That chronic misunderstanding, that "irrepressible conflict," between teachers and taught, which is the bane of some institutions, and in bygone years may have injured this, has given place to harmony and confidence. So, at least, we are assured by students who could not fail to know. We spent an hour in the Greek recitation of Prof. Van Benschoten, and feel sure that it was both pleasant and profitable to the class. For intelligent drill on the *spirit* of the Greek grammar, we have seldom, if ever, seen its equal. Taking that as a speci-

men of the teaching done by the college, we can have no hesitation in recommending the young to satisfy their thirst for knowledge at its fountains.

In our institutions of learning, this is eminently the age of building; and the Wesleyan University has by no means escaped the general tendency. The old buildings themselves have not lost all the freshness of youth, and their number is to be increased by two noble edifices, already, no doubt, too well known to your readers to require any notice on our part.

In those general facilities, which go so far to give an institution character and reputation, the college is able fully to meet the wants of its students. Its library numbers 20,000 volumes; 80,000 shell-fish and insects have given to its museum, all of themselves which could resist the tooth of Time. Among its geological specimens are some highly interesting restorations. There is the quaint-looking glyptodon, like an old warrior, almost hid under his coat of mail; the monstrous megatherium, mounted against a tree-trunk, just as he once stood wrestling with some monarch of the post-tertiary forest; and against the wall, the plesiosaur, with paddles outspread as if they still were buffeting the Jurassic waves. In these respects, the Wesleyan must take rank among our best colleges.

Its telescope owns few superiors in the world. We were fortunate in seeing the telescope and tower; but, owing to the cloudiness of the evening, and the illness of Prof. Van Vleck, we missed the opportunity of gazing at the heavens through it.

Allow us a single practical suggestion: Harvard rejoices in the literary splendor of such men as Everett, Lowell, Holmes, Agassiz, and others. Yale has been glorified by the pens of Noah Webster, of Taylor, Loomis, Hadley, Whitney, and many more. Lafayette College has flashed into notice by the masterly Anglo-Saxon grammar of Prof. March. Our own college has in its Faculty several who could wield the "pen of a ready writer." If they could only embody some portion of their stored-up knowledge in books which should obtain general circulation, and which should throw light on some of the theoretical or practical questions which vex humanity, they could not fail to gain fame and influence, not only for themselves but for their institution and their Church.

It would be wrong to close this report, though it is already too long, without gratefully acknowledging the hospitality of Dr. Cummings, without whose kindness our visit would have been hardly possible.

INDIA ITEMS. THE INDIA MISSION.

Conference has just closed its annual session at Lucknow. J. W. Waugh was elected to preside, no Bishop being present. J. H. Messmore served as Secretary, and S. S. Weatherby, Recording Secretary.

Rev. William Taylor, the Methodist evangelist, was present, and preached to us evenings, adding much to the interest of our session, and, I trust, doing us all good. Bro. Taylor has done much good since coming to our mission, and we expect to witness much greater results from the aid he may give us. He will soon make a tour of the Mission, holding meetings wherever practicable. He preaches through an interpreter.

At our Conference, we had to try and expel one of our members, — a native who was ordained last year. It was our first trial, and may it be our last for many years.

Our work everywhere was reported as encouraging, — much more so in many respects than at any former time. Our native preachers are getting filled with the Spirit, and clothed with power, and our nominal Christians are getting converted, and we seem to be getting ready for a successful siege. Our communicants now number over one thousand.

We go back to our old station, Moradabad, where we formerly labored six years, and where we have been laboring since our return. It was very gratifying to us to mark the progress of our work while we were away. Preachers were baptized, sinners were converted, and all had grown in grace.

One case especially interested us. A young man, who had been reared and educated by us as a Christian boy, was rebellious to God, a source of trouble to those who had adopted and reared him, and a hindrance to the Church. But, in our absence, he became converted powerfully, and we came back to find him a reliable, prominent, and successful preacher of Jesus. God is marching on in India.

Of the three lady missionaries sent out by the Woman's Missionary Society, Miss C. A. Swan, M. D., was appointed to an important medical work at Barielly, Miss Isabella Thoburn to the charge of an educational work at Lucknow, and Miss Fannie Sparks to the educational department in the Girl's Orphanage in Barielly.

E. M. PARKER.

The Christian World.

AFRICAN METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The Missionary Society publishes a report of an Episcopal tour made by Bishop Roberts. It gives a good idea of his perils, and the work among native populations in his office. It describes scenes of much interest, and shows the true spirit of our early Bishops, as well as the great need of reinforcing our Liberian work, that Conference that some of our editors and ministers have thoroughly desired to cast away by compelling it into independency, they will find yet to be one of the richest jewels in our crown and when through it Africa is all redeemed, they will confess that in this desire they mistakingly—

"Like the base Indian threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe."

Our route was mainly inland, and traveling by canoe, riding and walking, which, under the most favorable circumstances of much distance, is rather fatiguing. To sit in a "dug-out" (canoe), twenty inches wide, four or five days successively, propelled by hand-paddles at the rate of three or four miles an hour, and then change to walking over prairie lands and heavy sands of a sea-beach, unfavorably compares with the ease and comfort of steamboat and railway locomotion.

Our first Sabbath we spent at Mount Olive, a native station. A full congregation assembled, natives mainly, for religious worship, whom I addressed, and my remarks were translated by a native Local Preacher into their native tongue. During the services there was an exhibition of a lively faith in the "one living and true God." The presence of an old man of seventy summers was particularly attracting. He came forward after services, shook hands and said he came to the Christian station to better enjoy and learn more about his newly-found religion. This old man is in a leading position among his people and of the Beah tribe, some seventy-five miles in the interior. He heard for the first time the Gospel preached in his country by the native Local Preacher mentioned above, some two years ago, and was soon convinced his way was "dark" and led to "death," and soon was brought to the light of truth. Sabbath afternoons are devoted to the interests of the Sunday-school, of which there is one well conducted. In this capacity I met some thirty-nine youths of both sexes, besides several adults. The scene was very interesting. Our hopes in several beat high for future usefulness to thousands in the surrounding country. Several of these youths are members of the Church, and one an exhorter.

The new house for divine worship approaches completion slowly. Its external appearance adds much to the view of the station. It is of native construction, with doors and windows of frame-work. When finished, and a bell (which I hope some kind friend of missions will soon furnish) hanging in the cupola, it will be the best chapel of the kind I have seen, and ample for the purposes intended.

Our next visit was to Bexley, about nine miles up the St. John River. I spent a very pleasant, and, I trust, profitable Sabbath here, and preached to a crowded congregation and wakeful hearers in a large room in the rectory building, which is now used instead of a church edifice. After services, Bro. Moore received twelve persons into the Church. The work on this circuit increases, and demands additional laborers, which we cannot for want of means well supply. We left, after spending several days in Bexley, for Buchanan. This city is the most important in this region, and steadily rising. It is the centre of commercial operations, in which several foreign houses are prosecuting extensive business. I spent a Sabbath at this place, and preached to the people. We have an inviting membership, to which some of the most important families belong. We have an excellent teacher in Bro. B. J. Forbes for our day-school. I met in this department twenty-seven scholars. The teacher took the opportunity to examine several classes in practical arithmetic on black-board, geography, and English grammar. The examination was very satisfactory. The number of scholars in attendance was much below the roll of the school, as you will discover in reports of said school furnished subsequently by the teacher, which accompanies this. The day and Sunday-school departments of our general work are very important to us here as elsewhere.

Our work extends, and urgently demands increased laborers. I may truly say, "The harvest is great, but the laborers are few." The means to send them out is needed. We have encouraging reports from every quarter of the state of the work; and, from some points, of the progress and advancement of the kingdom of Christ.

Bro. Ware, having recovered from a recent severe illness, from which he barely escaped, writes June 7: "Our Quarterly Meeting has just closed, and O, what a precious season we had! God was specially present. We are protracting, for the signs of the times bid fair for a general and gracious shower." In another letter he writes, "Several young men of much promise have obtained the peace of God."

Bro. N. D. Russ writes: "I have been steadily laboring to promote the work, and am glad to say, not in vain. Our last Quarterly Meeting was attended with much interest to the rebuilding of Zion and the ingathering of souls. Praise the Lord!"

Rev. L. R. Roberts, at Robertport, writes: "We have an interesting protracted meeting in progress. Among those seeking the salvation of their souls are several natives, apparently deeply concerned; and up to this time some thirty have professed to enjoy peace through the merits of Christ."

In connection with other duties, I continue to direct the special work on this St. Paul River Circuit, supply-

ing the charge when distant. The last six months have devolved much labor to meet regular appointments. Through the mercies of God my strength has been equal to duty, and the charge is in a peaceful condition. Some weeks previous I visited Chase's Town, Congo, at which we have a growing society of native members five miles distant, interiorward, for the purpose of dedicating a small chapel to the worship of God. The larger portion of those assembled were compelled, for want of room inside, to find seats outside. We had a precious season. I returned home not over-fatigued after walking ten miles.

In June, I attended Quarterly Meeting in Monrovia, and took part in the religious services, and enjoyed a profitable season. The love-feast and administration of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper were seasons of much spiritual refreshing. It was truly gratifying to see so many of the number who were brought into the fold of Christ last October continuing in the faith, and professing a good profession before many witnesses in love-feast. The introduction of an excellent organ into the church at Monrovia is an improvement.

In July we had the pleasure of dedicating a house for worship, 35 by 20 feet, in Upper Caldwell.

Very respectfully yours,

J. W. ROBERTS.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

BAPTIST.

Mr. Oncken, of Hamburg, reports that one hundred missionaries and colporteurs, with upward of two hundred brethren from the various Baptist churches in Germany, have from the commencement of the war done their part in supplying first the German soldiers, on entering the field, with tracts, single Gospels, or the New Testament.

There is great activity among the Baptist churches. We copy from the *Christian Era*, the following:—

In this city the religious interest is extending and deepening. We hear of baptisms last Sabbath, at Shawmut Avenue, 7; Clarendon Street, 9; Ruggles Street, 8; Bethel, 2; on Wednesday of this week the evangelical churches at South End held a Union meeting at Rev. Dr. Webb's (Congregationalist). The Tremont Temple Church have been holding preaching and praying meetings every evening since the first of this month. Last Friday was observed as a day of fasting and prayer, as will also be Thursday of this week. Last Sabbath was a remarkable day as the commencement of more vigorous efforts for the Master. The pastor preached a powerful discourse in the morning against "Fashionable Dissipation," and Rev. Jacob Knapp preached in the afternoon and evening to large and attentive audiences. After the evening sermon, an inquiry meeting was held in the Meisanoon, which Hall was filled to repletion, and many were compelled to stand. About thirty came forward for prayer. This week there will be daily morning prayer meetings from 8 to 9 o'clock, and preaching by Elder Knapp every afternoon, at half-past two, and every evening at half-past seven.

PRESBYTERIAN.

There has been a wonderful revival at Olathe, Kansas, a place of 2,500 inhabitants, and meetings have been held every evening for five weeks. Over two hundred have expressed a hope. The receipts of the dram-shops have fallen from sixty dollars to five per day.

Money is being raised in this country to build a brick house of worship for a Presbyterian Church of ninety Chinese members, at Tung Chow, in the north of China. This church supports three mission stations, one of them 100 miles from Tung Chow.

EPISCOPAL.

The Episcopal lord bishop of Quebec has purchased the Livermore place, and other property in Plymouth, N. H., to the value of \$47,000, for the purpose of establishing a young ladies' Episcopal seminary of the highest order in the States.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

The celibacy of the clergy can no longer be enforced in any part of Italy. Another case has just been decided by the Courts of Appeal, of Cagliari in the following manner: "According to the Civil Code of Italy, the fact of a person being in Holy Orders is no impediment to his legal capacity to contract matrimony." The same judgment has been so often pronounced by Courts of Appeal in all parts of Italy, that no doubt can exist as to the meaning of the law, and the censures of the Church are now the only obstacles to a priest marrying. On the 1st of February the Civil Law is to be introduced into the Papal States.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Baptist denomination in this country, embracing all its shades and forms of opinion, numbers 1,563,630 communicants, over whom are placed 9,553 ministers, connected with 783 associations. The number of Baptist churches is 18,605, or nearly twice as much as that of the Baptist ministry. The Methodists have 13,373 churches, and 9,192 ministers, which is a larger proportion of ministers to churches among the Methodists than among Baptists. The Presbyterian Church of the United States has 4,626 churches to 4,238 ministers, the two being nearly equal in numbers. The Protestant Episcopal Church of this country has 39 dioceses, fifty-one bishops, 2,512 parishes, 2,762 clergymen, and 200,000 communicants. These statistics show a very marked difference between these denominations in the relative proportions which the number of their ministry bears to that of their churches. — *Independent*.

CHANGES IN ITALY IN TEN YEARS.

In all the really Popish countries there is a gradual loosening of the bonds of Romish authority; a breaking up of the old blinding superstitions, a dying out of that implicit faith in the power of the priest, which was for ages so rife over all Papal countries. The people are breaking away from the moorings to which they have been so long held; the ice which seemed for generations to be impenetrable is cracking in a thousand directions, pierced as it is by the Sun of Righteousness. No wonder that there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth among the Papal Hierarchy, from the infallible Pope down to the most ill-paid priest, for they are shrewd enough to see that their craft is in danger, and that the hope of their gains is on the eve of departing. Glancing along the last ten years we may well ask in astonishment, "What hath God wrought." It seems but yesterday that Lombardy and Venice were in the grasp of Austria, while Austria itself lay bound hand and foot by its infamous concordat with Rome. The noble-minded Medias were imprisoned for reading and teaching the Scriptures by the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Naples was under the yoke of the impious Bomba. Liberty lay mangled and bleeding throughout Italy, while Spain was securely locked against the Gospel. But now Naples, Parma, Modena, Tuscany, the States of the Church, and even Rome itself, despite the sulky moods and numerous curses of the infallible Pope, have all given up their petty distinctions, and become consolidated in a great nation; and now the Gospel may be freely preached and circulated from Milan to Rome. We remember how, a few years ago, the Rev. W. Arthur, M. A., recommended the Wesleyans to form a sort of reserve fund, so that when the Pope should leave Rome, they might enter in and purchase some Jesuit church and convert it into a preaching place. He believed there would be plenty of them for sale when the Pope should quit Rome, and expressed a hope of seeing some of them turned into evangelical-preaching places, in which Methodists would preach the Gospel. Many regarded this as one of those canards by which some try to enliven speeches; but how nearly have the events which Mr. Arthur foreshadowed been brought to pass by God, "who is wonderful in council and mighty in working." These wonderful political events will not turn Papists from the error of their ways, but they are the means by which God opens the way for the work of conversion; and it remains for the Church to take up the work thus thrust into its hands. We trust the day will come when a Primitive Methodist Minister will approach the Vatican, singing our lively, spirit-stirring hymns, and saying, as did Paul, eighteen centuries ago:—"I am ready to preach the Gospel to you that are at Rome also."—*The Primitive Methodist.*

Our Social Meeting.

A private letter of a sister is thus full of—

RICH CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

Dec. 4.—Sabbath eve, after my family had retired, and I alone with my Saviour, and the Holy Spirit's promptings in my soul, I had one of the fullest baptisms of my life (one of them). Bless God he has visited me a few times in such a manner that time was unnoted, and my whole being permeated with His all-conquering love. O, how easy to pray—to believe. O, that I could describe it. The flow of happy tears; the yearning of soul for every son and daughter of Adam; the thrilling love "to God and man;" the tender sympathy for those out of Christ, something of that compassion the dear Saviour felt when he cried, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

Day by day teaches me I have but just begun to drink at this "full fountain," just entered this ocean of love. No wonder St. Paul cried out, "O the depths of the riches," etc. There are heights, and depths, lengths and breadths to be sought after and enjoyed, even in this life; but O, it will take all eternity to fathom this wonderful fullness. "All, all, is yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." My soul, feed on this rich provision, and never again complain of thy leanness. And now, dear brother, you ask how I have been led into this blessed rest, this holy trust, this fullness, peace, joy, assurance, for it is all these, and much more. I will tell you. One Sabbath night, God permitted me to look at myself; yea, in the dark corners of my heart, the "candle of His Holy Spirit" shone, revealing to my astonished view such depths of worldliness, such hidden iniquity, that I loathed myself, and in bitterness exclaimed, "My God! my God! no wonder I have accomplished so little for the honor of Thy great name in the thirty years of my past life." Then the Spirit plied me with questions: "You ask for the upbuilding of the cause of Christ? You pray for the conversion of sinners? You asking to be made a power for good in this dead place. Look at you. What example are you setting? What do others see in you? Do they see a meek, lowly, Christian woman, or a woman following the fashions of the world?" O the sense of condemnation, as I thought of trimmings purchased that week to adorn the person, of money wasted for superfluities, of the waste of time and strength, all, all to make a little show in this passing world. I shall never forget the sight, never. How contemptible it all looked; and there and then, I wept, I prayed, I hoped, I believed, and was forgiven. Then with tears of joy and love flowing, I renounced them all, asking God to take me, body, soul, and spirit, into his keeping, to hear the pleadings of His dear Son, and for His sake, to send the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, into my heart, to abide with me always, to teach me and bring all things to my remembrance, to take the reins of my will, and hold me, govern me; and O, has He not done it? Glory to His name forever. I can now sing:—

"My wisdom and my guide,
My counsellor Thou art;
O, never let me leave Thy side,
Or from Thy paths depart."

Since then, the Spirit has led me on, on. The first hour of 1870, as I had watched the old year die, and the new one come in, alone, in my own parlor, passing my window to retire, the light being extinguished, I was arrested by the calm, pure light of the moon, and looking out, my eye rested on the dwellings around me, and such a spirit of prayer, of pleading came over me, that I prayed for the inmates of those peaceful homes as never before. Time passed unnoted. I cannot tell when I ceased to pray, and commenced to praise. O, the revelations of that hour I can never describe. I felt its effects all the year; thank God, I feel it still, and shall through life. May the Holy Spirit breathe on all His people, and lead them to this Fountain, so full, so free.

The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.
Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

PAINT.

BY PROFESSOR HOLTON.

The two great enemies of wood, iron and steel, are air and moisture. Rust, if removed, leaves the metal less in quantity and value than it found it. Every instant that wood is touched by damp air its substance diminishes in weight and strength. It is not merely taste, then, that prompts us to apply an artificial surface to utensils and structures. Any good paint furnishes a surface less likely to detain dirt than wood, and comparatively unalterable by the weather.

Painting gives a useful lesson to the farmer or gentleman. He contemplates surfaces with more care, and learns to recognize damages, defects and faulty workmanship more readily. He becomes more careful of his property. Boys are less likely to run off from a farm where everything is painted up snug. And the paint saves many times its cost in repairs and replacements.

Ordinary paint consists of carbonate of lead, mixed with some oil that becomes thickened to a solid by the oxygen of the air,—"dries." This is thinned by any volatile liquid mixable with the oil, as spirits of turpentine, or benzine, colored with solid substances, unchanged by air and light, and loaded with as much sulphate of baryta as the manufacturer dare put in; as this is one of the heaviest non-metallic substances known, and is useless in paint, no great bulk of it is needed. Much skill is used in mixing paints. Lead is sold ground in oil; it must be kept from the air. Lead is darkened by mercuric gases. It is also poisonous. Zinc is used as a substitute, but is less opaque.

Six reasons are alleged for using Averill's chemical paints, containing zinc and soluble glass, silicate of soda, some of not all of which are certainly valid. They are most convenient, being sold ready mixed of numerous shades, in tight cans, needing but dilution with spirits of turpentine or benzine. They are said to be cheaper, far more durable, are not damaged by rain; when freshly applied form a varnish-like surface, without the addition of varnish, and the mixed paints may stand with less damage from their air.

With a supply of colors in cans, the farmer would need only oil, and spirits of turpentine or benzine, and brushes. Stumps with which the painter can no longer earn three dollars a day, will answer for colors not often used. We find the suction fruit-jar very convenient for varnishes, and the more costly colors, as green and vermilion. The householder who will invest five dollars in an establishment of this kind, will never be likely to regret it. A man will be less likely to move away from a place where he has painted much.

DRY WALKS.—The *Journal of the Farm* has these timely remarks:—

"A source of much discomfort during the winter and spring months around a majority of farm-houses, lies in muddy and undrained walks. From the house to the road, the barn and other out-buildings, well kept walks should be the rule. No matter how neat fences and buildings may be, with this matter neglected, an untidy and uncomfortable aspect is presented. This is the season to provide against muddy horrors, and tracking, reeking boots next spring. With many farmers we have visited, especially in the Western States, a lot of old boards of various widths and lengths are distributed along the paths in the muddy season, and these with no attention paid to drainage, tilt and splash and bespatter disgustingly. Why is it farmers don't take more pains with their immediate surroundings? A well-raised path of gravel, rolled and rounded, when the material can be had, forms the best and cheapest walk. But in all parts of the country there are various resources to remedy the evil of muddy paths, and only simple ingenuity is required to apply them."

RASPBERRIES.—The *Small Fruit Recorder* gives the following list of the best black-cap raspberries, given in the order of ripening, namely, Davison's Thornless, Doolittle, Mammoth, Cluster, and Seneca Black Cap. Of the red variety, the following are mentioned: Kirkland, Clarke, Franconia, and Philadelphia.

Obituaries.

ALBERT L. BRYANT died in Boston, Nov. 28, 1870, aged 28 years.

Bro. Bryant was a young man of great promise. Converted to God when quite young, he soon felt the call of the Holy Spirit to preach the Gospel. He entered the Academy at Wilbraham to prepare for his great work, but failing health compelled him to desist from study, and enter into secular business. Yet he did not abandon his purpose of preaching Christ. He was a very efficient local preacher, always acceptable to the people, ever ready to help his pastor, or any ministerial brother needing his services. He possessed more than ordinary talent. His mind was active and vigorous, and all his leisure hours were given to reading and study. His piety was deep and uniform; "he served the Lord with gladness," and in all the perplexities of business maintained an exemplary Christian life. He was a faithful worker in the Sunday-school—his weakness of disposition greatly endearing him to the children. His last sickness being attended with delirium, the exercises of his mind in view of death could not be fully known; but we doubt not he experienced the full import of the Apostolic declaration, "To die is gain." May his young wife, to whom he was united in marriage but a few months before his death, his venerable parents, and his only sister, be sustained in the trial by the blessed assurance that what we know not now we shall know hereafter. S. F. UPHAM.

Boston, Feb. 16, 1871.

Died, in Springfield, Mass., Dec. 31, 1870, DANIEL COLLINS, aged 60 years.

Bro. Collins was converted in youth, and has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church over forty years, at the time of his death being connected with the Tremont Street Church, of Boston. He loved God, the Bible, Church, and home. While sick myself, at his home in Boston, his kind ministrations and godly conversations convinced me of his ripeness for heaven. After his death, the following lines were found on a scrap of paper in his vest-pocket:—

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

Without fear, and full of faith in Jesus, he passed "over unto the other side." C. D. HILLS.

Springfield, Feb. 1, 1871.

ROBERT BRAINARD died, at his residence in South Hadley Falls, Mass., Feb. 1, 1871, aged 73 years and 10 months.

Father Brainard has been, for many years, one of the most prominent members of the Methodist Episcopal Church near his residence, and has long been identified with the history of Methodism on Springfield District. For many years one of the leading citizens of the town, he has frequently been called to fill her posts of honor. His home has, for many years, been ready to welcome the preacher; his means have been freely offered to the service of the Church. Possessing a kind and genial heart, hosts of acquaintances gathered about him, and they all mourn his departure. Being of a strong constitution and robust frame, he has long retained, to an unusual degree, the vigor and strength of manhood. But the strongest must fall. A few weeks since disease began to prey upon him, and in a short time he yielded to its power. His last hours were very peaceful. To give up his church, his family, his life-long homestead, cost a little struggle; but he yielded without a murmur, and longed to go. "Prepared to die," "Don't mourn for me," and the like, were his dying expressions; and then he gently breathed his life away. All will miss him, but heaven has welcomed its own. A. N.

ZERAH BARROWS died, Dec. 7, 1870, aged 76 years. In his religion shed her brightest lustre. Though for many years a constant sufferer from asthma and neuralgia, yet he never murmured or complained, but would often sing. I can never forget an incident that occurred while I spent a night in the family, some two years since. He had set up nearly all night in his chair, when, at the dawn of day, I heard a sweet tenor voice singing those old, beautiful lines:—

"Now shall the trembling mourner come,
And bind his sheaves, and bear them home;
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
And heaven with hallelujahs ring."

I rose and looked in upon him. He was sitting by an open window, panting for breath, yet happy in the Lord. Ah, thought I, give me Jesus and His love, in every condition in life, and surely in the hour of pain and suffering. He is now at rest with Jesus in eternal glory. E.

Died, in Lisbon, N. H., Aug. 9, 1870, Sister FANNY SAVAGE, aged 70 years.

The deceased had been connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Lisbon, N. H., for ten years, and was universally beloved. Her decease was mourned by a large circle of relatives and friends. In the language of Whittier, we may say of her:—

"Thou wast one in whom the light
Of heaven's own love was kindled well;
Enduring, with a martyr's might,
Through weary day and wakeful night,
Far more than words may tell:
Gentle and meek, and lowly; and unknown
Thy mercies,—measured by Thy God alone."

R. S. STUBBS.

HON. LEE CLAPLIN.—Whereas, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove, by death, HON. LEE CLAPLIN, one of the oldest Trustees and most liberal benefactors of this institution; therefore,—

Resolved, 1. That we, the Faculty and Students of the Wesleyan Academy feel, that, in this dispensation of Divine Providence, we are deeply bereaved.

2. That we gratefully acknowledge the goodness of God in raising up such a friend to liberal and Christian education, and in sparing him for so many years to bless this, and other literary institutions, by his wise counsels, his potent influence, and his generous benefactions.

3. That we recognize, in the life and character of the departed, a rare example of a faithful steward of the Lord,—diligent and just in the accumulation of wealth,—meek and unostentatious in its possession,—prudent and unselfish in its use,—and wisely discriminating and disinterestedly generous in its distribution.

4. That, while we unite with the Church and the multitude, whom his life has so greatly benefited, in mourning his loss, we rejoice that his benefactions and his example will continue to bless the world, and that he, whose work has been so well done, is forever at rest, and his reward is sure.

5. That we earnestly invite the friends of education to unite their prayers with ours that those who are reaping the fruits of the life "just rounded to its close," may inherit a large measure of the unselfish, Christlike spirit of their benefactor; that the God of all grace will comfort the bereaved; and that He will raise up worthy successors to him who has fallen.

MRS. ELIZA WILLIARD died, in Milton, Mass., Feb. 15, 1871, aged 80 years and 4 months.

Mother Williard was converted, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Dorchester in 1839, and continued a worthy and much beloved member till transferred to the Church above. Though her body became too infirm to visit the sanctuary, her heart was young, warm, and genial to the last. She was expecting her departure, and was ready to go, not only in peace, but with joy beaming in her countenance when she could no longer speak. F. FURBER.

HERALD CALENDAR.

CONFERENCES THIS MONTH.

Philadelphia, Reading, Pa., March 15, Scott.
Kansas, Paoli, March 15, Ames.
Pittsburgh, Steubenville, O., March 15, Clark.
Newark, Morristown, N. J., March 22, Simpson.
Providence, Norwich, Ct., March 22, Jones.
Missouri, Savannah, March 22, Ames.
New Jersey, Salem, March 15, Scott.
Nebraska, Lincoln, March 29, Ames.
New England, Boston, March 29, Clark.
East German, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., March 30, Jones.
* Thursday.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Bromfield St. Church, March 9.
Dedication at Amherst, March 9.
Dedication at Bay View, March 14.
Church Aid Society of the New England Conference, Wesleyan Association Committee Room, March 15.
Dedication at Granville, March 22.

The Secular World.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

In the United States Senate a resolution was passed by a strict party vote, declaring the charges against General Howard to be false, and approving his conduct. In the House, a bill was passed, appointing a commission for the examination of claims from loyal citizens of the South, for supplies furnished the army during the rebellion. Mr. Hooper, in the Senate, made another ineffectual attempt to take the bill repealing the income tax. A bill relating to ocean-telegraphs was passed. A report was made exonerating Senator Sprague of any complicity in the alleged cotton frauds in Texas. The House refused to vote complete sets of *The Congressional Globe* to all members of the Forty-first Congress; also to increase pensions twenty per cent.

The English members of the joint commission visited the Senate Chamber, on the 2d inst.

The Arkansas Senate is ready to impeach Governor Clayton, and the Nebraska Legislature proposes to arraign Governor Butler.

The statue of Roger Williams, presented by the State of Rhode Island, was placed in the old Hall of Representatives in the Capitol, on March 3.

France.

The Prussian army entered Paris on the 1st of March. At 1.15 the head of the German troops advanced up the grand avenue. After the dragoons came Bismarck, Dukes of Saxe-Coburg and Wurtemberg, Leopold of Bavaria, Prince Adalbert and Prince Charles of Prussia. When the Prussian infantry passed under the Arc de Triomphe, they were received by the crowd with whistling, screams, and derisive shouts. A squadron of hussars came next. Bismarck did not enter the Arc de Triomphe, but turned round and rode back to Neuilly. The grandest part of the military spectacle was the march along the Champs Elysees, with bayonets and helmets glittering in the sun, and flags torn by battle fluttering in the breeze, a crowd of men and boys blocking the way dispersed by uhlan. The uhlan and Bavarians are especially hated. The troops looked splendidly, and surprised the French, who owned they could not beat them.

The next day the Emperor held a review of thirty thousand troops. The appearance of the different bodies of soldiers was magnificent.

The employees of the department of the interior return to Paris on Saturday, and it is believed that the entire government will be transferred to Paris again, as speedily as the execution of the Peace Convention will permit.

The Germans conducted themselves in an orderly manner, visiting the public buildings and other places of interest. Every precaution was taken against a rising, and the city was wonderfully quiet. On the 3d the German forces evacuated Paris, the conditions of peace being ratified on that day.

Great Britain.

Another terrible colliery accident occurred on the 2d, in Victoria. The dead will probably number twenty.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks the Joint High Commission will decide on England's paying a round sum of money for the Alabama claims, leaving the division of the same to the United States Government.

Dominion of Canada.

There was a destructive fire in Ottawa on the 2d.

The small pox is bad in St. John, N. B.

News Notes.

During the past fortnight fifty-two insurgents have been killed in the central department of Cuba, and over four thousand persons have given in their adherence to the Spanish Government.

Walter Brown, the oarsman, is dead.
Generals Sheridan and Forsyth have gone to Paris from Bordeaux.
It is said that seventy-five thousand Jews reside in New York.
A treaty of commerce between Italy and the United States has been signed.
The Italian

Minister of War will soon ask for credit for the manufacture of arms and for the construction of defensive works.—Gladstone is ill, and retired early from the House of Commons on Saturday.—Holland proposes a convention of the powers to define contraband of war.—The Belgian Government has received official notification of the ratification of the preliminaries of peace.—The King of Wurtemberg has returned from Versailles.

GOSSIPGRAPHS.

—Judge Russell had a very severe attack of apoplexy last week. Several physicians thought it was fatal, but through the labors of Drs. Russell and Talbot, he was saved. He leaves this week for Florida.

—Mr. Bailey, author of "Festus," has written a poem about 250 lines in length, called "Life Recluse," which is to appear in the *London Gentleman's Magazine*.

—Harper's Weekly has a view of Santo Domingo city. It consists of an assemblage of bamboo and mud huts, and half-naked negroes.

—Miss Nettie Chase, who so handsomely illustrated Mother Goose last year, is now drawing a series of illustrations for Jean Ingelow's "Songs of Seven," which, it is reported, will be brought out next Christmas by a Boston publishing-house.

—The Sunday morning sermons of Rev. W. H. H. Murray of Park Street, Boston, are to be published weekly by Osgood & Co.

—The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher announces that after next Wednesday he will not appear in the lecture-field until his book, the "Life of Christ," is completed.

—The Ida Lewis of England is Miss Alice Le Goyt, whom the Royal Life-boat Society has decorated with a gold medal.

—The sugar crop in Jamaica this year will be unusually large, and is estimated at 40,000 hogsheds. Last year it was but 31,000.

—Two years of General Grant's administration being now completed, Mr. Boutwell reports the reduction by payment of the principal of the national debt, since March 1, 1869, at \$204,754,413, or a little over one hundred millions of dollars per annum.

—The cattle plague is raging in the valley of Lauder Nean, France, with such violence that 500 men are engaged in burying the dead animals.

—Alabama has outstripped any southern State in the number of miles of railroad built since the war. Alabama has built 296 miles, Georgia, 231, Tennessee, 155, Texas, 132, North Carolina, 156, South Carolina, 128, Virginia, 104, Mississippi, 128, Arkansas, 90, Florida, 44.

—Wyoming produces quantities of precious stones. The topaz, amethyst, agate, opal, jasper, chalcodony, garnet, and several others, abound there, of the very finest quality.

—In a criticism on her works, the *Westminster Review* says: "No American woman has evinced, in prose or poetry, anything like the genius of Alice Cary."

—Mr. Charles Frodsham, the world-renowned chronometer maker, died lately in London. His will disposed of property to the amount of £70,000.

—Philadelphia has 6,000 manufacturing establishments of all kinds, which give employment to 120,000 men, women and children.

—In the reign of Francis I., more than one hundred thousand witches are said to have been put to death.

—Several of the strongest advocates of the Pope's right to the enjoyment of the temporal power, and the most violent enemies of the Italian unity, are said to be Americans—notably a New York family—resident in Rome.

—During the past year, the British Museum has been enriched by the purchase of autograph copies of works by Miss Edgeworth, Bishop Percy, and the Rev. R. H. Barham, author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*.

—Robert Browning has grown very old in appearance since his wife's death, though the vigor of his constitution is unimpaired. Only fifty-eight, he would be mistaken for seventy, judged by his face.

—The remarkable properties of Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been thoroughly tested since first introduced. The demand for them has steadily increased, and purely upon their own merits they have found favor with those who, from Pulmonary, Bronchial, or Asthmatic complaints, require them. For Coughs and Colds they are efficacious.

—GLUCINE! the most useful article of household economy ever invented. Once used, always used.

ACUTE AFFECTIONS of the Lungs, Chest, Throat and Kidneys are easily cured by using *White Pine Compound*. For sale everywhere.

A LADY

Who for years was badly afflicted with a humor, which seemed to be a combination of Erysipelas and Salt Rheum, says, by the use of POLAND'S HUMOR DOCTOR I was not only cured, but my whole system was entirely freed from every appearance of humor. My general health, which was quite poor, is now better than it has been for years. This testimony is only one of a thousand that might be given of the wonderful efficacy of the Humor Doctor.

Burnett's Cocaine is the best Hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Jan. 26, 24 cow

Acknowledgments.

Rev. A. L. Dearing and wife return sincere thanks to the people of Burnside and vicinity for donations, amounting to \$125.

Rev. T. C. Potter and wife, of Willeton, Vt., desire hereby gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of a cash donation from their friends on said charge, Feb. 1. Also, many thanks for the never-ceasing bestowment of kindly favors throughout the present Conference year.

Rev. L. Fish and family gratefully acknowledge the kindness of friends in Saxtonville for a donation of \$50 in money, and other valuables.

Rev. H. S. Smith gratefully acknowledges the receipt of \$70, the result of a festival lately held by the ladies of the Methodist Church in Somers, Ct.

Rev. and Mrs. George Whitaker, of Westfield, desire to express their grateful thanks for a pleasant surprise visit on the evening of Feb. 8, for the warm expressions of esteem from their congregation, and a present of more than \$200.

Rev. E. P. King and wife thankfully acknowledge a donation of \$15 (of which is cash) from the Washington Street Methodist Episcopal Church, in this city, Thursday evening, Feb. 8, 1871.

Rev. D. M. True and wife acknowledge from their friends in Dresden, Christmas gifts to the amount of \$70.

M. H. S. Evans, in behalf of the Society in Graniteville, acknowledges the reception of, and extends thanks for a large elegant pulpit Bible from S. S. Stephens, of Baltimore, Md. Mr. Stephens taught school in the vicinity forty years ago.

POST-OFFICE ADDRESSES.

Rev. T. B. Gurney, Satilla Mills, Camden Co., Ga.

Money Letters Received to March 4.

Thomas Alderman, T. J. Abbott, J. H. Avann, J. Armstrong; Thomas Bartlett, L. Butler, S. O. Benton, W. B. Bartlett, C. H. Blake, H. P. Blood, D. A. Brodie, John E. Baxter, F. H. Brown, J. Beedle; J. Collins, V. A. Cooper, E. N. Choate, A. C. Cooper, Hiram Chase, M. C. Cilley, Wm. C. Chapman; Geo. F. Eaton, E. J. Elliott, C. K. Evans, A. C. Eggleston; E. P. Frost, R. K. Fullerton, S. A. Flagg, J. P. Frye; N. Goodrich, N. D. George; S. R. Herrick, R. Harcourt, W. A. Houghton, E. L. Hyde, A. F. Herrick, Daniel Halloran; Chas. T. Johnson; J. McDaniel, G. A. Morse, C. A. Merrill, J. C. L. McCurdy; E. M. Putnam, M. G. Palmer, L. B. Pfeiffer, H. F. A. Patterson; Chas. Ryder, D. C. Raymond; Horace Smith, J. Scott, J. A. Sherburne, 2, Cyrus Stone, J. P. Smith, R. S. Stubbs, A. R. Sylvester, B. Sibley, W. H. Starr; N. Tainter, E. R. Thorndike, 2, P. Townsend; J. Thurston; E. R. Wilkins, J. Williams, S. O. White, D. Wait.

OLIVE HUTCHINS, C. GUELLEN, RACHAEL FINLEY, and ELBRIDGE G. PAGE send subscription, but not their residences.

Methodist Book Depository.

Money Letters Received from Feb. 25 to March 4.
J. M. Avann; J. E. Boner, H. Bailey, N. Bernis, 2, J. H. Brown, F. P. Ball; Geo. L. Cooke, J. Coleman, J. W. H. Cromwell; F. S. Dresser, F. E. Duncan, E. F. Duren; F. E. Emrick, C. H. Ewer; L. J. Fenn; J. W. Gifford, J. C. Gowan, S. S. Gross; C. E. Hall, E. L. Hyde, J. P. Higgins; C. H. Kinsman; J. A. Locke, 2, J. A. Latham, J. B. Lapham; J. A. McCulloch; R. Newhall, A. Noon, G. W. Norris; A. A. Presbury, Wm. Parkinson; J. T. Spaulding, R. S. Stubbs; D. P. Thompson, T. B. Tupper, G. A. Tyrrell, C. F. Taplin, I. J. Tibbets; H. Webster, E. H. Wait, S. F. Wetherbee, 2, L. D. Watson, A. A. Wright, J. K. Wright, W. Woods, N. W. Wilder, Geo. Whitaker.
J. P. MAGER, Agent, 35 Bromfield St., Boston.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

March 4, 1871.

GOLD.—110 3/4 @ 111.
FLOUR.—Superfine, \$6.00 @ 6.50; extra, \$6.75 @ \$8.00; Michigan, \$7.00 @ \$8.25; St. Louis, \$7.50 @ \$10.25.
MIXED NEW CORN.—\$5 @ \$6; Mixed Yellow, \$5 @ \$6.

OATS.—68 @ 70.
RYE.—\$1.15 @ 1.20 per bushel; Shorts, \$2.20 @ 2.30 per ton.

SEED.—Timothy, Herd's Grass, \$6.50 @ 7.00; Red Top, \$4.50 @ 5.00 per sack; R. I. Bent, \$2.50 per bushel; Clover, 11 1/2 @ 12 per lb.

APPLES.—\$3.50 @ 4.50 per bbl.
PORK.—\$24.00 @ 25.00; Lard, 13 1/2 @ 14; Hams 15 @ 16.

BUTTER.—30 @ 35; Prime, 40c.
CHEESE.—Factory, 14 @ 15; Dairy, 8 @ 15c.

EGGS.—30 cents.
DRIED APPLES.—6 @ 8c. per lb.

HAY.—\$19.00 @ 20.00 per ton by cargo; \$24.00 @ 27.00 per ton, by car load.

POTATOES.—\$3.50 per bbl.
SWEET POTATOES.—\$4.50 @ 5.00 per bbl.

BEANS.—Extra Pea, \$2.00; medium, \$2.00 @ 2.25; common, \$1.50 @ 1.75.

LEMONS.—\$4.00 @ 4.50 per box.
ORANGES.—\$2.75 @ 3.00 per box.

MARROW SQUASH.—\$4.50 per cwt.; Hubbard, do., \$5.50 per cwt.

ONIONS.—\$6.00 per bbl.
CARROTS.—\$2.25 per barrel.

BEETS.—\$2.00 per bushel.
TURNIPS.—\$2.25 @ 2.75 per bbl.

CABBAGE.—\$4.00 per barrel.
CRANBERRIES.—\$15.00 @ 16 per barrel.

REMARKS.—Market remains quite steady. Prices unchanged. Pork has dropped \$1.00 per bbl. Eggs 1c.

lower. Potatoes unchanged. Oranges plenty, and at easy rates. But slight changes in prices from last week. Trade generally quiet.

The Markets.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

For the week ending Wednesday, March 2.
Weekly receipt of Cattle, Sheep, and Swine, carefully prepared for the current week:—
Cattle, 277; Sheep and Lambs, 7,733; Swine, 2,000; number of Western Cattle, 887; Eastern Cattle, 1,886; Working Oxen and Northern Cattle, 80. Cattle left over from last week, 50.

PRICES. Beef Cattle—Extra, \$11.50 @ 12.00; first quality, \$10.75 @ 11.25; second quality, \$10 @ 10.50; third quality, \$9.50 @ 10.25; poorest grades, \$8.00 @ 9.50 per 100 pounds (the total weight of Hides, Tallow, and Dressed Beef). Many of the Cattle are sold by the pound, live weight.
Brighton Hides—8 @ 9c. per lb.
Brighton Tallow—6 @ 6 1/2 c. per lb.
Country Skins—4 @ 5c. each.
Hides—7 1/2 @ 8c. per lb. for country.
Tallow—6 @ 6c. per lb. for country.
Lamb Skins—\$1.75 @ 2.00 each.
Wool Skins—\$1.50 @ 2.00 per skin.
Sheep Skins—\$1.75 @ 2.50 each.
Calf Skins—16 @ 18c. per lb.
Sheep and Lambs. Most of the Western Sheep were owned by Butchers or taken at a Commission. The trade has been dull. Western Sheep cost at Albany from 5 to 8 1/2 cents per pound for extra ones. We quote extra, \$4.50 @ 7.25 per head; ordinary, \$2.00 @ 4.50 per head, live weight.

Swine. Store Pigs, wholesale, @ 6c. cents per pound; retail, @ 6c. cents per pound; Fattening Pigs, wholesale, @ 6c. cents per pound; retail, @ 6c. cents per pound. Fat Hogs—2,000 at Market. Prices, 8 1/2 @ 9 1/2 cents per pound. There are no Store Pigs in Market.

REMARKS.—The trade this week has been dull. The supply of Cattle is not so large as it was last week. Prices have fallen off one quarter of a cent per pound, and in some instances more, from last quotations. There were none from Maine this week. The trade for Beef has been very dull for the last week, and Butchers did not buy so freely as they did one week ago.

Marriages.

In Boston, Feb. 22, by Rev. J. H. Twombly, William R. Taylor to Miss Rebecca Bell Denny, all of Boston. In Charlestown, Feb. 25, by the same, Charles C. Snow to Miss Georgiana Sherman, both of Boston.

Deaths.

In Melrose, Feb. 3, of consumption, A. E. Norris, aged 33 years.
In Nantucket, very suddenly, Feb. 28, Josiah Gorham, aged 78 years.
In Mendon, of apoplexy, Feb. 7, George Walden, aged 65 years. He and his wife were among the first members that formed this Church. He was quiet, unassuming, industrious, of strict integrity, and irreproachable Christian character.
In South Yarmouth, Jan. 25, in peace, Rev. Henry H. Smith, aged 70 years.
At Saxton's River, Feb. 11, Mrs. Mary C. Brown, in the 57th year of her age.

Church Register.

REPORT OF RHODE ISLAND METHODIST CONFERENCE.—The number of copies (360) ordered by the Convention, has been distributed among the churches. Churches in and near Providence will find theirs at W. Barton's, 65 Westminster Street. Additional copies, at 25 cents each, may be obtained by addressing the subscriber, at 104 Brook Street, Providence, R. I.

J. W. WILLET, for the Committee.

Providence, March 3, 1871.

PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE RAILROAD NOTICE.—The Norwich and Worcester Railroad Company will sell tickets to all persons attending Conference from all their stations to and from Norwich; the "Hartford, Providence and Fitchburg," from all their stations to the nearest junction for Norwich; and the "New London Northern" from Stafford, Tolland, South Coventry, Willimantic, New London, and Montville, and return at 20 per cent discount.

The tickets in ALL CASES must be bought before entering the cars, and be excursion tickets. The conductors will NOT sell them, and NO RETURN tickets will be given at Conference. Tickets good from March 20 to the 30th.

Preachers will please give this notice from their pulpits.

GEORGE W. BROWNE, Secy.
Danielsonville, March 2.

NOTICE.—All persons going to the Providence Conference at Norwich, over the Cape Cod Railroad, and paying full fare, will be entitled to a free return ticket over the same.

W. T. HARLOW, Secy.
Fitchburg, Feb. 28.

MAINE CONFERENCE.—Brethren, the Quarterly Conference of the Portland churches has unanimously invited the preachers' wives to attend Conference. Those whose wives will come, will please send notice at least two weeks before the session, that places of entertainment may be provided.

Portland, Feb. 28. R. SANDERSON, Secretary.

N. H. CONFERENCE SEMINARY AND FEMALE COLLEGE.—Spring Term commences on Wednesday, March 15, and continues fourteen weeks.
Tilton, N. H., Feb. 28, 1871. GEO. J. JUDINS, Secy.

WESLEYAN ACADEMY.—SCHOOL FOR BOTH SEXES.—One of the oldest and best sustained in the country. Spring Term commences March 22. For catalogues or rooms, apply to
E. COOKE, Principal.
March 9.

PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE.—The brethren who are to be examined in the Second Year's Studies will please present themselves at the vestry of the Main Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Norwich, Ct., Tuesday, March 12, at 9 o'clock A. M.

F. J. WAGNER, Chairman.

DEDICATION AT BAY VIEW.—The new Methodist Church at Bay View, Gloucester, will be consecrated to the worship of Almighty God on Tuesday afternoon, March 14. Sermon in the afternoon, at 1 1/2 o'clock, by Rev. George Prentiss; in the evening, by Rev. S. H. Upham. Preaching Thursday evening, by Rev. David Sherman; Friday, by Rev. Daniel Dorchester. Preaching on the Sabbath, by Rev. Hobart Cook, of the Boston Theological Seminary.

Persons from abroad wishing to remain at the evening services, will be provided with refreshments at the expense of the church.

Having worked earnestly to complete our house of worship, it would greatly encourage the members of this young church to see their friends on the day of dedication.

A. SANDERSON, Pastor.

The new Methodist Episcopal Church in Granville will be dedicated Wednesday, March 22, at 2 o'clock. Sermon by Rev. J. N. Buckley, of Stamford, Ct. Lecture and Praise Meeting in the evening, by Dr. Eben Toler. A collection will be received. Clergymen especially invited.

